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The Week

THE Mexican government has gone a long way in its endeavor to conciliate the United States. That fact is revealed in the official correspondence of the past few months, which has just been made public. In substance, Mexico has agreed that Article 27 of her constitution shall not be applied retroactively to the detriment of American investors. As a matter of fact a provision to this effect is embodied in another clause of the Mexican constitution itself and has been sustained by several decisions of the Mexican Supreme Court. The point at issue was whether or not the regulations proposed toward alien property owners were in fact confiscatory. On this point the contention of the American government seems to have been conceded. Mexico has also admitted the right of the United States to protest on behalf of our citizens who feel they have been unfairly treated. This constitutes in some degree a negation of the Mexican policy that alien property holders must consent to be regarded as Mexicans in so far as their property rights are concerned. All in all, the belief is justified that a basis has been found for continuing harmonious relationships between the two countries. This has been achieved despite the enormous difficulties under which the Mexican government has labored. Dislike of the Yankee is so universal among her citizens that a government suspected of being too friendly to us would at once arouse the bitterest hositlity. It is fair to say, therefore, that the accord which has been reached represents a real triumph of diplomacy.

THE latest attempted assassination of Premier Mussolini will no doubt add greatly to his prestige. All dictators lead dangerous lives but few have been so fortunate in their accidents as the present ruler of Italy. When the ranks of Fascismo begin to waver, a real or imaginary assassin appears promptly on the scene; thereupon the dictatorship becomes more rigorous while Mussolini becomes the object of increased adulation. On the eve of his venture in diplomatic buccaneering in Tripoli and with the warships ready to receive him, a crazed English woman shoots and wounds him as he leaves a public building. The situation is complete in dramatic detail. Rumors of international plots, a blessing from the Vatican, congratulatory messages from the rulers of the world, and a bit of supernatural flavor all combine to make the premier and his dictatorship seem holy and indispensable.

THE picture has another and more sinister aspect. While the press of the world blazoned forth the headlines of Mussolini's escape in Rome a young Italian statesman died in France. Giovanni Amendola, brilliant, energetic, youthful opponent of the Fascist rule of force had earned the premier's enmity. After several beatings he was offered protection and safe passage out of the country; his "protectors" then attacked him in cowardly fashion and inflicted wounds which caused his death eight months later. He, like Matteotti, was murdered by the Fascisti because he contended for constitutional liberties and refused to be tyrannized by the black shirts. Amendola and Matteotti are but two

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of the many victims of this modern reign of blood and terror but they are symbolic of the price which Mussolini exacts for his successes.

MUSSOLINI'S visit to Tripoli, done in imperial style with an entourage of fifteen battleships, has set all the journalists of Europe speculating as to the hidden purpose of the crusade. It is possible, in our judgment, to overreach the mark in seeking for deep and guileful objects. It is of course possible that he is seeking to make trouble for France, hoping to fish in troubled waters thereafter. French Tunisia has a large Italian population, which has recently been restive because of alleged failure by the French authorities to pay adequate respect to their nationality; Mussolini's presence in Tripoli in the rôle of Scipio Africanus is sure to set their chauvinistic nerves a-tingle. However, there are plenty of other reasons for the Roman dictator's excursion. He has said that the Mediterranean is to be an Italian lake; he now demonstrates what a small lake it is. He shows by leaving Italy how confident he is that the Fascist rule is in no danger of being overthrown. He directs the attention of the world toward the fact that Italy wants colonies, and is administering those she already has far better than France, for example, is administering Syria—a mandate which Italy would be glad to take over. There is a vast difference between a spell-binding swing around the circle, and a policy which would very likely lead straight to war with France. Mussolini is not ready for such a war: at least, not yet.

UPON notice of the intention of the Forstmann and Huffman Company to reopen its mills, the Passaic police heroically broke up a parade of strikers' children, stopped all picketing, arrested those who attempted to rally the pickets, and ordered two New York reporters out of town "never to return." Weisbord, the strike leader, was arrested without a warrant, held in jail and was not informed of the charges against him until twenty minutes before he was arraigned. He was held in $30,000 bail. Sheriff George P. Nimmo of Bergen County read the riot act to the line of pickets and then ordered his deputies and the Garfield police to "go to it," which they did, according to the New York Times, "chasing the crowd with riot guns and clubs." The Sheriff announced "regulations amounting to martial law," and his men closed the strikers' meeting hall, padlocked the gate to the outdoor meeting grounds, tore strike signs from windows, and ordered indoors citizens on the streets. Seventeen strikers' leaders and assistants were arrested and held in high bail, including their efficient woman publicity agent and Robert Dunn, who assisted Sidney Howard in gathering material for the Labor Spy, published in the New Republic. It will be remembered that the Bergen County woollen mills are notorious for their use of "under-cover" agents against their employes. Did the Sheriff and police do all this as a necessary emergency measure in behalf of civil peace? Hardly; during the strike there has been little injury to property or persons, except that inflicted by the police themselves. The Times reports that "tonight the Sheriff and his men were confident that the backbone of the strike had been broken."

THE employers, the Sheriff and the police in the Passaic strike have thus made themselves for the moment the leading agents of Communist propaganda in the United States. It is the revolutionary dogma that there is a fundamental class warfare between employers and employed, ordinarily dormant, but breaking into violent action in crises. When workingmen organize and protest against their conditions of employment, the agencies of government will ally themselves with the forces of capital, if necessary using violence and breaking their own laws—made to be obeyed by the workers but not by the employers or public officials—in order to cow the workers into submission. Compromise or peaceful gains are not possible. Some day, say the Communists, such provocation will cause the workers to use violence in their own behalf, to seize the government and change it from a capitalist to a proletarian dictatorship. They will in so doing simply be using the weapons that their masters have forged. Communists also believe that the workers will learn this philosophy, not by word of mouth so much as by object lessons, by their experience in the struggle for better conditions. It must be admitted that in Passaic the employers and officials have behaved according to schedule. To retain the submission of low-paid workers in ordinary times by fear and spying, and to defeat them by governmental violence in times of open revolt is their habit of many years' standing. We believe the Communists are usually wrong, and that there are other and more effective ways of improving the workers' condition. But those in positions of power can for any time and place make the Communists right. To arrest Weisbord for Communist propaganda in Passaic is irony indeed.

THE first week of the Congressional hearing on prohibition produced a huge mass of words but not much information that is new to well informed persons. We have heard that not 5 percent of the smuggled liquor is halted as it enters the United States; that the chief source of supply at present is domestic manufacture; that 875 prohibition agents, or 10 percent of the total number, have been dismissed for dishonesty, despite the fact that many of them were recommended for their posts by churches and the Anti-Saloon League. We find that General Andrews wants much more drastic laws to aid him in drying up the country—laws so drastic that they seem to violate the elementary constitutional rights of the citizen; and that Federal Attorney Emory Buckner of New York says

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his state could be made dry only by an impossibly large increase in personnel and expenditure of money. Canadian experts testified to the efficacy of their system of selling in bulk through government dispensaries. Representatives of organized labor pleaded for light wines and beer. All this, of course, was thoroughly familiar to those well informed on prohibition. The beginning of the second week of hearings has been equally void of news. Senator Jim Reed of Missouri managed to get himself cordially disliked by all the ladies, by rudely breaking up their plan to present a cloud of one-minute witnesses; and the only net result was to reveal that the Prohibitionists are for the first time sincerely frightened by the way things are going. We should be greatly surprised to learn that a single individual has changed his mind on the general question, as a result of all these millions of words of argument and exhortation pro and con.

A REPORT of the American section of the International Chamber of Commerce, made public by the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, supports the view of future German reparations payments which has several times been expressed by the New Republic. The payment of maximum reparations would weigh heavily on the German nation since it would necessitate a large and unwonted export surplus, with probably lower wages and standards of living within Germany. So far transfers have been made chiefly by deliveries in kind, and will be so made during the current year. These cannot be indefinitely expanded, if for no other reason because they embarrass the recipients when too large. Another possible but narrowly limited means of transfer is the German building of public works and the like in Allied territories. Payments can be reinvested in Germany, but that is not a transfer; it merely postpones the reckoning. Actual transfer of purchasing power through the foreign exchange mechanism must be the chief reliance for payment, and that cannot long continue in large amounts unless accompanied by an equivalent export surplus—the concrete possibility of which is seriously questioned. More important for immediate consideration is that the private loans to Germany are of dubious security unless they have preference over reparations, and there is no assurance that they have. The test of the reparations situation will arrive in 1928-29 when the payment due will reach $600,000,000. Until then, all calculations resting on the assumption that Germany can pay in full should be regarded with suspicion.

IN VIEW of this situation the action of the American State Department in vetoing Mr. W. Averill Harriman's plan to facilitate exports from Germany to Russia by assisting the necessary credit operations is almost criminally stupid. Russia needs German manufactures, Germany needs Russian trade. Until the normal commercial interdependence of these two great countries can be reëstablished the European economic system will contain a serious flaw and Germany will be handicapped in her effort at recovery. Trade cannot flow easily at present because of the high interest rates which must be demanded by the German banks financing it. The proposed Harriman credit would lower the rates and permit the trade to grow. It would not, therefore, add to Germany's obligations without providing a visibly increased means of payment; on the contrary it would not only pay for itself but would tend to revivify German industry in general. But of course the Department of State is innocent of all such considerations. It simply will not let anybody do anything that might incidentally help Russia so long as the Soviet government will not agree to fund the loan which this government says it extended to Russia under Kerensky—but which in large part it paid to Kerensky's ambassador in the United States after the Kerensky government no longer existed in fact. If the Soviet dictatorship would be as dishonest as the Italian, and bow to the financial proprieties by agreeing to pay amounts which it intends never to pay, doubtless Mr. Kellogg and Mr. Hoover would permit the loan, no matter what its intrinsic desirability.

Progressivism and Prohibition

BOTH the Democrats and the Republicans are, as we have frequently pointed out, hopelessly divided among themselves in their attitude towards the proposed revision of prohibition legislation. It should be added in order to complete the picture that the issue divides the progressives one from another just as sharply and irreconcilably as it does the Democrats and the Republicans. The western progressives outside of Wisconsin are for the most part dry, but there are many exceptions to this rule particularly among the labor-union groups. The eastern progressives who live for the most part in large cities are more likely to be wet, but there is probably a larger proportion of dry progressives in the east than of wet progressives in the west. The social workers, for instance, who tend to be progressive are usually convinced supporters of prohibition, and while this group is not numerous, it is composed of unusually disinterested and intelligent voters. There is no consensus of opinion in any part of the country among progressives as to what attitude as progressives they should adopt towards prohibition. If by some miracle they received a mandate to govern the country, they would be as impotent to legislate either on behalf of a stricter enforcement of the Volstead act or on behalf of its modification as the Democrats and Republicans are.

The difference of opinion among the progress-

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ives with respect to prohibition is more harmful to their efficiency as a political group than it is to the Democratic or Republican parties. The latter derive their political vitality from their ability to bring about the election of certain candidates for state and federal offices. They are tied together, not by common political ideas or by a common interest in legislative projects, but by the wish to protect certain established interests and by the work of dividing up the opportunities and the activities of carrying on the government. The progressives, on the other hand, have as their chief reason for existence common convictions about both the supposed needs of the American nation in the way of economic and social legislation and the value of the political instruments which they count upon using for the realization of their projects. The Federalist, the Democratic, the Whig and the Republican parties during the years in which they carried the banner of progressive legislation in America, all of them sought popular support for a definite program of political and social reform which included a definite idea of the respective parts which the federal and state governments should play in carrying it out. As compared to them the progressive groups in contemporary American politics are rendered impotent by their divisions.

The lack among the progressives of any consensus of conviction about prohibition is so much a drawback to their political effectiveness that they should take it to heart and consider how far it indicates on their part the lack of a common political philosophy. It is not an accident that they, like the Republicans and the Democrats, cannot agree upon a policy which will extricate the American commonwealth from its present predicament with the least loss. Prohibition as a national policy was the result of a fortuitous combination of political absentmindedness and propagandist zeal. Its onward march towards final success caught American political consciousness napping. But for that reason it is all the more important for politically-minded Americans to consider seriously and with an open mind the comparative consequences of persisting in it or of modifying it. The Eighteenth Amendment is the most radical political and social experiment of our day, and the fact that the American people did not fully weigh what they were doing when they accepted it only increases its political importance and unmanageability. But unless the experiment is to be a total failure, they must consider much more seriously than they have yet done how far national prohibition can and should prohibit, how far they are justified in compelling obedience to the law, what the consequences of such compulsion will be and in what sense the issue involves a question of individual liberty.

Practically all Americans are agreed that the consumption of alcoholic beverages raises a question of social policy. The only questions are how and by what means the government shall regulate it. In the beginning Americans almost universally agreed to consider it a matter for state legislation alone. The advocates of national prohibition ran candidates for President year after year who never received more than a few thousand votes. In the meantime the states were experimenting with various forms of licensing and regulation, but without much success. Many of them passed laws which permitted local administrative agencies to prohibit the sale of intoxicating beverages in the area under their control, but this primitive form of prohibition merely stimulated the liquor trade to overcome these easily passable barriers. The next step was state-wide prohibition which increased rapidly during the first decade of the new century, and as the number of dry states multiplied, the possible advantages of national prohibition were for the first time seriously considered. There were many imperfections in the enforcement of state prohibition laws which, it was believed, would disappear only in case the policy were nationalized. So the Eighteenth Amendment was submitted by Congress to the states during the frenzy of the War, and to the surprise of many of its opponents and the indignant consternation of others, it was quickly ratified.

National prohibition was adopted, consequently, as the result of the triumphant spread of state prohibition. It was interpreted by its advocates as the consummation of a process of exterminating the liquor trade which the states had begun, and it was justified by the desirability of securing more efficiency in the enforcement of the state laws. State prohibition had in their opinion reached its maximum effectiveness and demanded for its further improvement the coöperation of the federal government. It is this fact which explains and in part justifies the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment. Assuming that a substantial majority of the American people distributed evenly among its local communities had definitely decided to put an end to the consumption of alcohol as a beverage, it was natural for them to call upon the federal government for assistance. National prohibition was adopted on the supposition that the American people would on the whole support its enforcement, and that after a preliminary period of vacillation, popular opposition to its continuation would subside or be overcome.

This calculation has proven to be entirely false. The adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment has not had the effect, as its advocates anticipated, of presenting its opponents with an accomplished fact to which they would be willing ultimately to succumb. On the contrary it provoked a stubborn and widespread violation of the law, and as the years have come and gone this resistance has increased rather than diminished. Instead of bringing the federal to the aid of the state governments in consummating prohibition it has provoked dogged resistance on the part of several states to it. The resistance has at-

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tained at the present time almost the dignity and importance of an organized insurrection against the authority of the federal government, and it imposes on the American people the necessity of a new political decision of the first magnitude. It is certain now that the rules of conduct prescribed for all American citizens by the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead act will be disobeyed by a minority of the American people so large and so segregated that they cannot be forced to obey without some huge expenditure of money and police power by the federal government. The question is whether it is morally or politically desirable to pay the price.

Until some progress is made towards finding an answer to this question, it will be impossible seriously to discuss any other subjects of economic and social legislation of major importance. Just at present it is questionable how far the American nation has a government or how far it inspires loyalty and respect in the American people. In view of this fact the nation must finally adopt one of two courses. It must supply officials like District Attorney Buckner with the machinery which in their opinion is required for the enforcement of the law, or it must draw back and allow the states some discretion as to the definition of an intoxicating beverage and as to the rigor with which prohibition is enforced. All the talk among the liberal Christian prohibitionists about educating the disobedient to obey the law is sheer self-delusion. The rebels refuse to sustain the law on the theory that so far as they are concerned it is wrong and that only as a consequence of resisting it can it be altered. They will continue to resist until the federal government makes the price of disobedience too costly.

There is, in our opinion, a good deal to be said in favor of the passage by Congress of the kind of legislation which the officers in charge of the enforcement of the law demand, but it is not surprising that the politicians of all parties shrink from the alternative. If the federal government should be circumvented in carrying out some new plan of enforcement by the stubbornness of the insurrection or by the weakness and corruption of its officials, its authority would be still more gravely compromised and shaken. On the other hand if it succeeded, its success would mean the overriding of widespread local preferences which would make it feared, disliked and suspected by many millions of American citizens. The consequences of such a use or abuse of its authority are a matter of guesswork, but manifestly they would bulk large in the future history of the American Republic. A huge and unwieldy commonwealth like the United States cannot with impunity allow its centray government to look to millions of its citizens either like a booby or a bully.

A political progressive should, we think, recognize that no matter what his original opinions were, the volume, the stubbornness and the unscrupulousness of the existing resistance to the law involve a totally new question. Those liberties survive in society which human beings insist upon asserting. The right not to be deprived of the exhilaration or forgetfulness which comes from the consumption of beverages which contain some perceptible percentage of alcohol may not rank high in the hierarchy of human liberties, but such as it is there are many millions of American people who will not give it up merely because the nation issues orders to that effect. In the long run the nation will, in our opinion, be forced to recognize that law cannot exterminate a habit of popular conduct to which people are so stubbornly attached. National prohibition assumes the excessive consumption of liquor to be such a terrible social evil that it is good policy to suppress that part of it which is innocent in order to get rid of that part of it which is not. If the suppression had been enforceable, there would be something to be said in its favor. But so far it is unenforceable. The social effects of drunkenness in many parts of the country are almost if not quite as deplorable as they were before national prohibition went into effect. It looks, consequently, as if a new experiment, which will pay some attention to local preferences and which will try to separate the harmless from the harmful consumption of alcohol, will eventually have to be tried. The only alternative to such an experiment is complicity in an organized defiance of the law or else an heroic attempt at enforcement which may or may not be politically possible and which will strain the authority and the very structure of the federal government. From the progressive point of view the argument in favor of a new experiment seems to us unanswerable. For as long as the federal government either fails to enforce prohibition as a social policy or enforces it only by overriding intense and widespread popular opposition, its value as a possible instrument of social democratic legislation is gravely jeopardized.

Sadism Will Out

EXHAUSTIVE and painful researches by psychiatrists and their ilk into the pathology of the Marquis de Sade and his disciples have been of immense practical value. People who habitually beat their dogs or their children are, as a result of these researches, recognized at once as sadists and their protestations of self-righteousness and moral indignation find fitting residence among those pitiful defenses by means of which psychopathic patients attempt to conceal their obsessions. Whatever truth we concede to the ancient hypocrisy, "This hurts me more than it hurts you," derives from the frequent masochistic aspects of sadism. As the knowledge of these simple truths trickles down from the scientists to the laity, the elementary physical tortures, which were once the commonplaces of domestic life, become rarer, except in the privacy of unregulated infant homes and

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Alabama prison mines. Havelock Ellis has made the position of the old-fashioned "strict disciplinarian" (o. g. "flagellant") almost untenable.

In the field of criminology, however, the sadist still plays a distressingly active rôle and is still protected in his morbid delights by a large section of public opinion. The New York judge who openly boasted of the fact that he often whipped his children "till they couldn't sit down" was properly condemned by the Right Thinkers and generally regarded with loathing, but judge after judge gives vent to sadistic demands for more and more ferocious punishments to check "the crime wave," only to receive adulation from press and pulpit. Recently a gentleman named Stewart Browne appeared at a legislative hearing at Albany to oppose the abolition of capital punishment, which criminologists unite in condemning as useless and ineffective. Mr. Browne declared that he was in favor of substituting the gibbet for the electric chair and added that, after he had hanged a few murderers, he would "dig up their bodies and hang them again in the public square just for good measure." Although any competent psychoanalyst could tell things about Mr. Browne's mental condition which would surprise the editors and clergymen who sometimes write just as idiotically, there was no suggestion that Mr. Browne be rushed to Bellevue for observation or that newspapers printing his views should be forbidden the mails on the ground of obscenity. We still lag a long way behind science.

As has been hinted, capital punishment is a failure because juries refuse to convict when to do so means the taking of a life on their responsibility. There are ample figures to support this contention, as Warden Lawes has pointed out over and over again. But capital punishment as an institution is also responsible to a large extent for the failure of science to take its rightful place in criminology. So long as capital punishment exists, a neurasthenic, emotional, erotic and sadistic tinge will inevitably color the attitude of these who prosecute murderers and those who read about them. Recently we have been treated to the debasing spectacle of two public officials wrangling before the Governor for the privilege of bringing about the execution of "Dick" Whittemore, the youthful Baltimore bandit. The coveted honor was eventually conferred upon the Buffalo prosecutor, whereupon State's Attorney O'Connor of Baltimore, crestfallen at the loss of an opportunity to do a man to death, told the journalists that he would "closely follow the proceedings in Buffalo and would be satisfied with nothing less than the death penalty for Whittemore." Obviously Mr. O'Connor was not concerned merely for the protection of society, which would be amply secured by a life term of imprisonment. He wanted to hang the young man, presumably as a means of adding to his own glory as a prosecutor, but almost certainly as a means of sating the claims of moral indignation, which is so frequently a sublimation of mere cruelty. When the public understands the psychopathic implications in such an enthusiasm, it will dismiss the Mr. O'Connors who now adorn our court system as completely as it now dismisses such pitiful psychopathic cases as that of the judge who champions child beating.

Consider, again, the case of Gerald Chapman, of late hanged for the murder of a Connecticut policeman. Here again no public necessity explains the subjection of a community to a year of artificial stimulation of its morbid passions and neurotic emotions. Chapman was safely lodged in the federal prison for twenty-five years, but, owing to the Connecticut prosecutor's sense of duty, so often a sublimation of the mere desire to burn witches, he was brought to Connecticut and tried and convicted upon evidence so unimpressive as to make the conviction of Chapman one of the least popular verdicts in Connecticut judicial history. Had there been no question of official killing in the Chapman case, the tabloid (and the respectable) press would have been deprived of its sadistic romanticism, the community would have been spared the spectacle of a state officer wheedling and pleading with twelve simple men for the destruction of a human life, resorting to cute tricks and rhetorical devices, and all of us would have been relieved of the necessity of reading—as, of course, we all did—the ghoulishly vivid accounts of Chapman's end, accounts designed, consciously or unconsciously, to play upon the secondary sexual instincts of the Under Man. Had it not been for capital punishment, the Chapman trial would have been disposed of scientifically, expeditiously, dispassionately, without affronting the consciences of an increasing body of humane people, and with no more furore than attends an operation for the removal of adenoids.

It is because we put men's lives at stake in capital cases that we permit the scandalous delays which disgrace our courts. It is the jeopardizing of the criminal's life which explains and makes necessary our amazing solicitude for his protection in his rights. Abolish capital punishment, and murderers will be punished—or cured—or gotten out of harm's way with universal approval. Abolish capital punishment and it will be no longer possible for judges and prosecutors to exhibit their sadistic proclivities to the world under guise of superior moral vigor. Abolish capital punishment and you will take away half the fun in the tabloid method of treating crime—along with the debauching consequences upon public opinion. Abolish capital punishment, and sentimental ladies will no more send flowers to murderers than they would send flowers to guinea pigs in a pathological laboratory.

Perhaps the abolition of capital punishment will end the dramatic quality of murder trials. But, after all, the loss could be sustained. The drama

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of a murder trial was pretty much like bear baiting. The romance of Tyburn and the Old Bailey is the romance of cruelty and sadism. In the past we have derived thrills from clever lawyers' tricks, from eloquent pleas, from the anguish of the victims of public malice. But it was pretty shabby drama, after all, centred in some sodden and undramatic moron with more passion than intelligence, whom, as a means of rationalizing our pleasure in badgering him, we romanticized into a "superbandit" or a "prince among rogues." We have enjoyed these pleasures as some of us have enjoyed cockfights, and we should be no prouder of the one than of the other. Before the human mind had been very deeply plumbed we could disguise sadism as moral indignation or public spirit. These matters are better understood now and, as science slowly but surely overtakes our criminal practice, jurists who now seek applause and satisfy erotic stirrings by advocating more whippings and higher hangings will be forced to take their pleasure in slaughter houses and in esoteric flagellation. If the mob should miss the splutter of these pathetic psychopaths and its journalistic executions, it could console itself by restoring the ancient custom of burning its bêtes noires in effigy.

Does Responsible Ownership Function?

WE have heard much lately of the danger of irresponsible ownership arising from non-voting stock. It has been assumed by some commentators that if non-voting stock were barred and all stockholders were assured of their customary rights as in the past, ownership would, as in traditional theory, carry power and responsibility. The New Republic has contended on the contrary that the very size and nature of modern business organization makes this doubtful. We must look instead for some substitute for the control of diffused private owners. A recent incident has brought striking confirmation to this view.

The Western Maryland Railroad, chiefly a soft-coal carrier, has been running amuck with labor for several years. Before the shop strike of 1922 it farmed out its shops to a straw-boss contractor, discharged its shop employes, and told them that after a certain date they should seek employment with the contractor in question. He, in turn, offered jobs at terms and conditions inferior to those specified in the union contract with the road. This act was termed by the Railroad Labor Board a subterfuge amounting to breach of contract. Trouble with the mechanics has continued ever since, and suits for damages aggregating a large amount have been brought against the road by individual shopmen and are still pending in the courts.

For many months the locomotive engineers and firemen on the same road were in negotiation with the management concerning a request for a wage increase equal to that granted on all other Class I roads in the United States. The management stubbornly refused the request, proposing instead changes in working rules which would have reduced the earnings of the men. A strike vote brought a 97 percent support of the union demands. Seeing that trouble was looming, the union offered to arbitrate, but the management would not do so. Instead it asked individual firemen and engineers to sign contracts agreeing to accept the terms of employment favored by the road—in other words, to sign away their long-established union and rights of collective bargaining. Fifty men were discharged for refusing to sign the contract, and the rest walked out, on Oct. 15, 1925. During the negotiations the road had been collecting strikebreakers, and it immediately hired them.

The Labor Board assumed jurisdiction of the dispute. Representatives of the management demanded, as a price of continued negotiation, recognition of superior seniority rights for the strikebreakers. The Labor Board ruled that the road's treatment of the striking employes in forcing them to sign a new contract under threat of dismissal "was unjustifiable and a violation of the outstanding agreement under which they were working." It remanded the question of seniority to the parties for adjustment, and said it would render a decision on wages and working rules after this controversy was out of the way. The management refused to give an inch on seniority, however. No railroad union could admit seniority privileges to strikebreakers, especially under such conditions. Seniority had been the fighting issue of the "hard-boiled" executives in the shop strike. Brandishing this issue amounted to a declaration of war.

Since then the strike has continued, to the great loss and inconvenience not only of the strikers, who are regarded as substantial and conservative citizens in their several communities, but to the road itself, and to the business interests of the territory which it serves. The most sensational incident was a wreck in which a coal train slid down Savage Mountain at terrific speed and finally jumped the track, demolishing sixty-three cars and an engine, tearing up about a mile of main line, and blocking traffic for days. The report of the Interstate Commerce Commission on the affair said, "This incident was caused by failure to set a sufficient number of hand-brakes to hold the train while standing on a heavy descending grade with a depleted brake pipe pressure, for which Engineer Massey was primarily responsible." Massey had previously been discharged for incompetency while acting as strikebreaker on the Virginian Railroad. Subsequent to this accident a brakeman and an assistant train master were killed while working with the engine run by him. According to latest reports, he is still in the service of the Western Maryland.

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A partial list of accidents on the road since the strike began is:

Wrecks and derailments	70
Personal injuries	17
Employes killed	6
Accidents in which others were killed	2
Engines and cars side-swiped	22
Engine grates burned out	11
Crown sheets burned	11
Loose tires reported	16

The union charges that the strikebreakers include a fugitive from justice, a number of ex-convicts, and numerous men previously dismissed for such causes as drunkenness, indications of insanity, collision, and ignoring train orders. The road recalled to service former employes retired on pension, and cancelled the pensions when they refused to obey.

Naturally this state of affairs has caused indignation in the surrounding regions. Letters protesting against it and asking for a renewal of negotiations have been written by representatives of the Chamber of Commerce, the Ministerial Union, and the mayors of Cumberland and other cities along the route. Many complaints are on file about delays, and letters from merchants state that they are using competing roads wherever possible. Naturally the expenses of the Western Maryland have increased materially and its revenue has fallen off.

There was no good financial reason for acting in this high-handed way in order to prevent a wage increase which had been granted by every other important road in the country. The Western Maryland has been prosperous, and it has undoubtedly suffered enough diminution of profits during the strike to have paid the total increase for several years. The warfare was apparently due to the personal hostility of President Byers toward unionism.

We have recited these details, not primarily to call in question the wisdom of the management's policy, but to sketch the background of an appeal from management to ownership which is the main point of the story. The public which the road was serving and the striking engine crews accepted the common belief that the road is a Rockefeller property. A minority but controlling interest amounting to about 25 percent was supposed to have been acquired by the Rockefellers some years ago. A large part of the road's traffic comes from the West Virginia mines of the Consolidation Coal Company—also supposed to be Rockefeller controlled. Requests for pressure on the management were therefore mailed to Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr. He replied to Mayor Koon of Cumberland that he could not settle the strike, saying:

> The facts are that the combined holdings of our family together with those of the funds which this stock may have been given, represent considerably less than 25 percent of the stock of this company. I am not a director of the company. Only two of the twelve directors can be regarded in any sense representatives of our interests. The management of this company is entirely in the hands of the Board of Directors and, no matter what my personal views may be, I don't control the situation.

This raises a fundamental issue. No other interest, so far as is known, owns so large a block of stock as the Rockefellers. Yet Mr. Rockefeller states unequivocally that he cannot control the situation. Where is responsible ownership, then, to be found? How can the scattered and shifting small stockholders be reached? If Mr. Rockefeller cannot act, how could they act if they were reached? Apparently a self-constituted and self-perpetuating railroad management can disregard public, employes and owners as well, behaving in as reckless a manner as it pleases, without a check from any source.

Of course anyone may, if he wishes, accept the interpretation of Mr. Rockefeller's letter held by many of the petitioners—that it is an insincere defense by one who does not really wish to act. But that does not substantially alter the question we raise. What sort of responsibility is it that can act when it will, and can disclaim power to act when it will? Must we say that no individual can be held responsible for management unless he owns a majority of voting stock? There are few large corporations indeed in which that situation exists.

It would doubtless be too much to expect scattered absentee owners to interest themselves in the minutiæ of executive policy. But the situation on the Western Maryland is surely a major issue if there ever was one. A strike of locomotive engineers and firemen brings on as great a crisis in railroad operation as can well be imagined. A genuinely responsible owner would have interested himself in it without any prodding. Yet the most determined attempts to enlist the interest of the owners have shown that they are as remote and intangible as the spiral nebulæ. If this is a fair sample of corporate business in the United States responsible ownership is surely a myth. We must look elsewhere for the basis of salutary industrial control.

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Reconstructing the League

A Suggestion for the United States

EUROPEAN observers as well as American commentators have too lightly assumed that the usefulness of the League of Nations is exhausted and that it must after the fiasco of Geneva diminish in importance. It has been particularly asserted that the United States can, in view of the sorry spectacle of miserable bargaining and Machiavellian scheming, never reverse its decision to remain outside the organization. My purpose is to show that out of apparent evil good may come, and to put forward for the serious consideration of American political students a scheme of reform which would enable the United States to play a more conspicuous part in world affairs without compromising itself or becoming entangled in the diplomatic intrigues of Europe. Surely it will be admitted by everybody, no matter what his prejudices may be, whatever may be his interpretation of the discreditable events of the past few months, that any plan which will save the League, will permit American participation without the inconveniences which have been repeatedly signalled, is one which is worthy of the closest discussion. I trust therefore that the observations which I propose to set out will find themselves widely echoed.

Let us admit in the first place that although Ambassador Houghton is far too pessimistic about the future of Europe, he is right in denouncing the recrudescence of the so-called "old diplomacy" in the so-called Temple of Peace. In point of fact, if statesmen in the pre-war days had been at once as secretive and as indiscreet, as cunning and as clumsy, as were some of the men in Geneva, they would have been hissed off the stage. The old diplomacy without the pretensions of the new diplomacy was more competent and practiced no more trickery than we have seen practiced in the struggle for an armchair. The open, loyal, friendly diplomacy which we were promised has degenerated into squalid, angry disputes.

For my part, I was in a minority of one in believing from the beginning that it was a mistake to link the conclusion of the Locarno pact with the entry of Germany into the League of Nations, or even to connect Locarno directly with Geneva. Locarno should have remained a branch line: it should not have been part of the main track. France, too, made a lamentable blunder in seizing the opportunity of supporting Polish pretensions to a place among the Great Powers as a sort of offset to Germany. The moment the door of the Council was opened, there was, naturally enough, a rush by the smaller nations to get in, and it was found impossible to close the door again. Further, it has become clear that excessive sentimentality at a given moment does not really advance matters—that the slobbering kisses of statesmen are not necessarily evidence of what is called a "new spirit." Competence and sincerity are equally required, and they have been painfully lacking. Good will and ability are not replaced by ill-drafted pacts and covenants.

One is prepared to go very far in criticizing the methods of the European diplomatists, and if I were to venture an incidental personal view I would say—as I said some years ago—that an error was committed in endeavoring to persuade Prime Ministers and Foreign Ministers to attend Geneva. They brought into the Assembly the atmosphere of their Foreign Offices. They made it, in the strictest sense of the word, not an international gathering, but a mere tournament of individual nations pitted against each other. They were bound to take the narrow nationalist views of their State Departments rather than the broader views of the enlightened and less insular section of their peoples. Thus the League became a League of Foreign Offices. There was introduced into Geneva the conception of a balance of power, with the packing of the Council in favor of this or that side, and the formation of factions.

This is a straightforward enough statement of the temporary failure of the League and it would be folly to attempt to close one's eyes to the facts. Yet nothing is irremediably lost and much may be gained if we now face up to the formidable problems. It is time to reconstruct the League. The opportunity should not be neglected of ascertaining whether a series of Regional Leagues coming under the general control of the Geneva League cannot be instituted.

Be it remembered that whatever quarrels there were among the European countries they would have been settled had there not been an untimely intervention by a South American country—namely Brazil—which opposed a veto to the admission of Germany to the Council. Here was an essentially European subject in which America is certainly interested, but which is nevertheless of secondary concern to non-European nations. Yet under the present constitution of the League it is possible for a remote country to thwart the efforts of nations which are seeking to come to an accord of vital consequence to them. An irresponsible vote coming from far off may be fatal. Germany and France quite conceivably can be prevented from coming to terms by Chile or China, by Liberia or Ecuador. At any moment a disinterested power can throw a monkey-wrench into the machinery. Not only may such procedure be mischievous in itself in that

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it holds up the life of an entire continent, but it might set continent against continent. It is useless to reconcile countries if we are to have clashes on a larger scale between continents.

Hence the proposal, to which, it is to be trusted, America will lend a willing ear. America has already laid down the Monroe doctrine which would forbid any interference in American affairs by European or other countries. There is already a Pan-American Union, which could easily be converted into a veritable League of Nations for the New World, in which the United States would take the leadership. America has always protested against the League on the ground that it is capable of becoming a super-state. Now what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. Europe too may well object to gratuitous interference. There emerges a simple but pregnant idea. Why not have a number of Councils to deal with the affairs of each continent—or rather with such sections of the globe as are politically and geographically a convenient whole? Above them all should be a Supreme Council whose function it would be to act as an arbiter only in case of conflict between the Continental or Regional Councils, or in case of difficulty arising inside those Councils.

The more the suggestion is studied the more practical it will, I am convinced, appear to be. It in no way destroys the organization of Geneva, but fittingly completes it. If one looks at the Council today one discovers that, apart from Japan, which is a silent member, a detached observer, the occupants of the permanent seats are all European. There is a sense in which the League is, for practical purposes, almost exclusively European. Let there be weeded out of the existing Council the non-European nations, and let it become frankly what it is in reality—a European Council designed to deal with European problems. Let there be set up an American Council designed to deal with American problems. Let there be also a Pacific Union designed to deal with Pacific problems. Probably there should be added an African Union and an Asiatic Union, each with their Councils. Let there finally be a Supreme Council whose representatives should be chosen from and by each of the Regional Councils.

These separate bodies, to which the United States can scarcely raise any objection, since they do not imply any entangling alliances, since they do not involve America in European difficulties, would come into opposition with each other were they not loosely bound together in a common organization. They should have a single headquarters. They should make use of the machinery of Geneva which is, for a variety of purposes, extremely efficient. Never should it be forgotten that there is a vast non-controversial side of the League's activities in which America has always taken a prominent part. Social questions and economic questions, intellectual and material problems, have brought many American workers with ready coöperation into the League. We must distinguish between such world administration as, with the approval of everybody, is undertaken by Geneva, and such diplomatic doings as have been repudiated by the United States. Therefore there can be no question of scrapping any part of the immense and admittedly beneficial organization.

Membership in one Council would not exclude the possibility of membership in another Council. As I see it, the United States might properly sit on three Councils. There is first the American Council. There is second the Pacific Council—membership being justified by Pacific interests. There is third the strong probability that the United States would be chosen by the American Council to represent America on the Supreme Council.

Membership in a particular group should not be confined to countries which are geographically situated in that group. There is nothing unfair—to give an illustration—in the suggestion that England should be a member of the European group and at the same time a member of the African group. There is nothing unfair—to give another example—in the suggestion that France should figure on the Asiatic Council. What would be unfair would be dual representation on any particular Council and this applies especially to the Supreme Council. One can imagine, for the sake of argument, that Germany were elected to the European seat on the Supreme Council as a member of the European Council. This would mean that England, if she were to have a seat on the Supreme Council, would have to be elected by the African Council as representing African interests. The Great Powers would thus have several chances of election, but this advantage that they would have over the smaller powers would be deserved, because the best definition of a great power (though it is not a complete definition and there are exceptions) is a power which has interests of an important character outside its own frontiers.

There is nothing here which strikes at the universality of the League. On the contrary it helps to make the League's universality a fact whereas at present it is a fiction. At the same time it eliminates all the disadvantages of universality which have been rightly urged in the United States and which have been demonstrated within the past few months. It would be superfluous to enter into further detail until the general principles are accepted, but after carefully thinking out the prospects I am completely convinced that discussion on these lines will take place in the immediate future and that sound solutions may thus be reached. In this way and in this way alone there could be built up a truly comprehensive League in which mischievous interventions in regional disputes could be avoided and rivalries and jealousies be reduced to a minimum. In this way and in this way alone America may be induced to pull its full weight in the world. If therefore there is, as is now inevitable, to be a reconstruction of the League, this proposal

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should be thoroughly debated, prejudices against the League be set aside, and the question of participation approached from a new angle.

SISLEY HUDDLESTON.

Paris.

Union Coal Shrinks

NOW that the anthracite strike has been settled it is worth while to look at the other and by far the larger part of the miners' problem —bituminous.

The bituminous industry has run up higher doctors' bills than any other industry in the country, and the experts are agreed in diagnosing the chief ailment as over-development. Numerous remedies have been suggested; whether or not any of them can be adopted depends largely upon the attitude of the miners' union, directed by John L. Lewis. A majority of the mine workers belong to the union; the union enjoys the prestige of twenty-five years' steady growth. Where does it stand?

In a nutshell Mr. Lewis proposes to trust to competition and, relying upon this, to let the disease run its course. His argument can be briefly summarized: To be sure, in the past, competition has attacked wages and driven them to starvation levels, but now the union can protect a high wage level. Stability of labor cost and freedom from strikes over a period of years will discourage speculative mining and enable fair competition to rid the industry of superfluous and unfit mines. Reasoning thus the union has maintained the peak wages of 1920 by a five months' strike in 1922, by peaceful renewal in 1923, and by the famous Jacksonville agreement 1924-1927. The union miner will judge this policy by its effect upon his own livelihood, his gain or loss in employment and earnings. Have the proportions of union and non-union coal output changed? At which end is the slack being taken up?

Since the strike which in 1922 shut down two-thirds of the nation's coal producing capacity, union control has been shaken by defections from the ranks of union operators. Three large and powerful companies—the Consolidation Coal Company, the Pittsburgh Coal Company and the Bethlehem Mines Corporation, a subsidiary of the U. S. Steel Company—have abandoned the union scale in at least some of their operations. Certain districts in West Virginia and Kentucky, once precious nuclei of organization in non-union areas, have been altogether lost. So serious have these defections become that on November 22, 1925, Mr. Lewis asked President Coolidge to use the influence of the government to hold the operators to their wage agreement with the union. The letter hinted at measures which the United Mine Workers might themselves take—in all probability a soft coal strike—while the anthracite strike is still in progress.

But not only has the union lost ground through the breaking of wage contracts by operators; much more serious has been the further loss of ground through increase in output of traditionally non-union fields and the decline in tonnage of the union strongholds. The fields in which this change has been taking place are the strongly union central competitive field—Ohio, Illinois, Indiana and the Pittsburgh district of Pennsylvania—central Pennsylvania, mixed union and non-union, and the predominantly non-union fields of West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee and Alabama. The southern group began to enter the markets of the central competitive field only slightly before 1898; desperate but on the whole fruitless attempts have been made to organize and include them in the system of union collective bargaining.

Between 1898 and 1920 the proportion of the national coal output supplied by the central competitive, union, field increased but little—from 32 percent to 37 percent, while the developing southern fields, non-union, increased their share, as was to be expected, from 17 percent to 26 percent. Growing demand absorbed both union and non-union coal. However, in the five years since 1920 demand has shrunk. The 1921 output fell back to that of 1910. Nineteen hundred and twenty-two, owing to a five months' stoppage, showed very little improvement and the last three years have averaged 68,000,000 tons less than 1920. The weekly reports of the Geological Survey show that during these five years the output of the non-union fields, far from suffering a reduction proportional to the shrunken demand for coal, has steadily increased while that of the central competitive field and Pennsylvania has declined. Not one of the central competitive field states has reached its 1920 level of production even in the excellent year 1923, while all of the southern states have surpassed theirs. Their share of the national output has been 26 percent in 1920, 30 percent in 1923, 37 percent in 1924, while the Central Competitive Field has fallen back to its 1910 quota. Since the peak of 1920 Pennsylvania has over a five year period declined about 25 percent. In 1924 its production stood 30 percent below 1920. West Virginia on the other hand during the same period has maintained an average output equal to 1920 production and in 1924 exceeded 1920 by more than 20 percent.

Nineteen hundred and twenty-five has brought to the bituminous fields the boon of an anthracite strike and a consequent demand for soft coal substitutes, but unfortunately for the union fields the best coal of this type is located in non-union territory. What has happened? While the daily production curves of Ohio, Illinois, Indiana and Pennsylvania all dip below 1923 average production, and have at best regained that average, West Virginia and Kentucky rise steeply above their 1923 averages and end the year respectively 40 percent and 35 percent above.

The extraordinary rise of the southern fields is

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not explained wholly by the difference in the wages bill. True, the non-union companies have generally reverted to the 1917 wage scale, or lower, and thus secured a big differential in labor cost. And labor cost constitutes about two-thirds of total cost. But the fine quality of much of the coal in southern West Virginia—its adaptation to such uses as cooking and domestic heating to which none of the coals of the central competitive field, and only little of the Pennsylvania coal is suited, the easy access of the seams, and their late development—all these have given operators in these fields an extremely good start. The growth of industrial centres in the South and the depression which has overtaken certain New England industries, such as textiles and shoes, has quite possibly contributed to the shift in coal production which we are here tracing. Finally a powerful factor in the distribution of coal is the freight rate structure. Railroads anxious to enlarge their carrying trade have helped southern coal to enter northern markets by fixing favorable long haul rates. In recent years rates have become more favorable to the distant mines than they originally were, for in increasing rates, flat, instead of percentage, differentials between long and short hauls have been preserved, thus making the increase in long haul rates relatively less than the increase in short haul rates. The Interstate Commerce Commission has been several times invoked to increase the differentials. In a case involving mines in Ohio, Pennsylvania, West Virginia and eastern Kentucky, the Commission came to the assistance of the near mines, those in Ohio. On the other hand the Commission refused in July, 1925, to revise rates on Lake cargo coal in such a way as to give coal from Ohio, the Pittsburgh district and northern West Virginia, all union districts, a more decided advantage over non-union coal from southern West Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee. Penetration of the New England market by West Virginia coal has taken place by shipment via tide-water; all-rail rates, except on domestic sizes from certain fields, recently adjusted by the Interstate Commerce Commission, are prohibitive. Already in January, 1922, a writer in Coal Age asserted that: "In the New England states, particularly in those sections bordering on the Atlantic coast, the water-borne coal from the Pocahontas and New River (W. Va.) non-union mines has practically eliminated the all-rail coal . . . from central Pennsylvania." The observation is repeated with more emphasis in 1924. The situation may be summed up thus: rate differentials on competitive union and non-union coal, while actually favorable to the former, are so small that they offer no material assistance to the older union fields in maintaining themselves against their younger and richer rivals.

The United Mine Workers are at present trusting blindly to laws of competition which seem to be slowly shoving them off the map. So far they have hinted at only one active remedy—a general strike. When non-union mines can produce 50 percent—some estimates run as high as 70 percent—of our coal tonnage, this does not look like promising strategy. What, then, will they do during the year and a quarter that the Jacksonville scale has still to run—and after?

JEAN ATHERTON FLEXNER.

A Suitcase Captain

OH, I'm done with the sea—I am! I say I am, but I'll probably go back to it. What sort of a life is it, anyhow? Not anywhere long enough to have any kind of a time! A suitcase captain—that's what I am! That's what the old fellow in New Orleans used to call us—suitcase captains, because we were always packing our suitcases from one boat to another! But I'm done with it! I'm going to stay where I'm through at night—and I can get a girl.—But what have I got but my profession—I'll go back to it, most likely.

It's a hell of a life! Twenty hours it takes to empty a tanker, and they can fill one in twelve hours — and then you're out again, maybe for months. It gets the men! Down there in Mexico, at the houses along the beach, the women would be waiting for us to come in. The minute we touched the pier the men would make a run for them. So little time—they had to blow their money. Oh, I've been around with them sometimes! Take a taxi and drive all night! A month's pay gone in a few hours.

And when the men came back — crazy drunk. Stick them in the brig and let them sober off. One time a big Swede—pretty near seven feet he was—he came on and he jumped up and walked along the taffrail from amidships — drunk as a fool. When it began to curve up along toward the bow, he stepped off — flat on his face to the deck! Knocked in two or three teeth! He picked himself up and spit out the teeth—his lips all bleeding—God, what a wallop! He just rubbed his head a little, kind of confused like. Drunk as a fool!

And that Mexican drink, pulque, it is, they call it—that makes them crazy. One time, we were in Tampico, the engineer came up and said one of the stokers had gone wild in the engine room—he'd got a piece of pipe and was smashing up the machinery. Well, I had a short club of lignum vitae, it was—harder than iron—I got that and called down, "Peters, what are you doing?" "I'll show you what I'm doing," he yells. Rushed up the companionway like a bull—he was swinging the lead pipe, ready to kill me. But I was waiting for him just to one side—caught him on the head as he

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came up—bing! Dropped him in his tracks. My, what a head! Well, we dragged him up by the pilot house and put handcuffs on him—chained his arms and legs to the deck—you know those big iron rings for the ropes. We thought he couldn't move. Let him sober off. But there was a big can of alki along with the painter's stuff—just out of reach, you'd say—and the next thing we knew he'd come to and knocked it over somehow and was down lapping it up off the deck—yes, lapping it up—like a dog.

Those long trips—that's what gets the men—just the same, day after day—and the sun on the sea—and the days running on—and never a woman—and they get to thinking about it. They're crazy to make a port—they can't wait—they all get queer and snappy—they jaw with one another over nothing. It's hell how dependent men are on that, isn't it?

One trip I had a dog named Boston—they called him Boston because I came from here, you know—what kind of a dog was he?—Oh, no kind in particular, just a dog. But he was smart—he was the smartest dog. He was just as crazy to get ashore as the men. It was funny how he'd get onto it when we were going to make port. Long before we'd sight land he'd know. Seems as if he smelled it. He'd stand clear up in the bow, as far as he could get, with his nose stuck out straight ahead of him and sniff and sniff.

Out there in the East—in the Philippines—he was the busiest dog! He wasn't on the ship a minute—running up and down the beach—lot to do and I'm only here a short time. Once in a while one of the men would say: "I saw your dog Boston with one of his friends!" He didn't ever get left. He always came aboard with the last boat.

Getting out of the harbor, everybody all shipshape again—men that wouldn't speak to each other last week swapping chews—and Boston would run around bumping into everybody, barking, his tail stuck up in the air, as much as to say: "I had a hell of a time; how did you fellows make out?"

Out in the Red Sea—did I ever tell you about those little birds? You'd like to hear about those little birds—some kind of swallow they were, not just like ours, but soft and pretty—with big brown eyes. After a storm you'd find them all over the deck, so thick the men could have walked on them—of course they didn't—and so tired you could pick them up—soft and brown and warm, they were. And in the night—all night—they'd be flying around the lights—you would hear them crying—it was as if they knew they'd got to die.

There was one time I saw the old man get embarrassed. We lay near a small liner in a French port. The old man was never used to thinking of anybody. He came right out of his room just as he was. The third mate yelled at him: "Captain, the ladies!" There were three or four on the deck of the liner only a few hundred feet away. God—the old man blushed crimson all over—all over!

He used to carry a motorcycle on the tanker—an extra size Indian it was. One time when we put into Naples, he rode all the way up to Berne in Switzerland—did it in one day and then back again. They were watching for him on the way back—he just made it to the pier. He rode right onto the boat and yelled to cast off—and then he thumbed his nose at the whole lot of them. He left two hundred yards of six-inch cable right on the dock that time.

Another time we were tied up in New Orleans—the old man was tearing back late at night on his motorcycle—probably been with some woman and couldn't break away—somehow he struck it rough and slammed down with the motorcycle right on top of him—there he lay, laughing, and the engine running like hell. And along came an old Nigger mammy—"Lawd, lawd, what's dis?"—The old man says: "You get this thing off'n me and I'll give you the ride of your life!"—I guess she didn't hear what he said—the engine going so—but, anyway, she pulled it off. He put her up in front of him and let 'er go—her hair blowing straight back and the skirts whipping up off'n her. He slammed through the streets fifty miles an hour—— Well, I guess somebody stopped him finally.

In the end he had to give up his motorcycle. Got called up for it. "Where do you get your gasoline?" they asked him in the office. "Where do I get my gasoline! Hell! Two million five hundred thousand gallons in the hold! Where do I get my gasoline?"

One time in a big storm—terrific storms blow up in no time in the South—all hands were working at the pumps. We had only two fires that weren't under water—if those two went out, we were goners. The engineer came to me and said: "That cook's hanging back on us." We had a Portuguese nigger for a cook that trip and he couldn't talk much English. So I walked into the galley and I said: "How about it, cook? You're wanted at the pumps!" And the cook turned around with some tins in his hands and says: "Me no pump! Me cook!" I was so mad—it's funny how hard a man can hit when he's mad, isn't it? I grabbed my revolver by the muzzle and let her come down. There was a kind of a little eyelet on it to slip a lanyard through and it split his head from end to end—God, he went down like a log and bled like a stuck pig. And it seems it was kind of a misunderstanding, after all—he not knowing English: he didn't realize how bad off we were. I went out to the engine room and found we were getting ahead on it. So I came back and told the cook it was a misunderstanding and we'd get him sewed up in the next port.

Yes—it's a hell of a life—the sea. I'm done with it, I tell you. But I'll go back to it—most likely.

ZORA PUTNAM WILKINS.

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Poems by Women

Moment in Marble

I am a figure on the Grecian urn,
Not the pursued—but one who loiters down
To the sacrifice, nor ever shall return
To the winding streets of that deserted town.
This brooding gold, the dusty roadside leaves,
Slow hours that drip as honey; one that stays,
Cheating to silence something that still grieves—
Summer suspended, motionless, ablaze!
So is the marble cut, and I content,
Shall never chafe at this eternity
Of bloom and hoof-mark and long grasses bent
By clover winds from fields I can not see;
Nor shall I turn, look back or wonder more
How fares my kettle and my unlocked door.

HORTENSE FLEXNER.

Brahms, No. 2 D Major, Op. 73

Now take this music: loose the sombre strands:
Let them escape like dusk out of your hands:
And think of amber tarnished by the sea,
Or smoky silver mornings of black frost.
Here is unreasonable melody
Through a confusion as of flying bells,
Demanding a wild blood that understands
When the far voices cry alone and lost.
Unwind the tangled themes: let them fall down,
Thinking of coral where the breakers roar,
And caverns dark with music to the core,
And dragging purple seaweed sown with shells.
Turn to me. Tell me . . . though the soul must drown . . .
These are the moments we were meant to know.
And when there is no music any more
Say if you can I never loved you so.

GRACE HAZARD CONKLING.

After Music

Let life and its bewildering music stop
At brassy noon, since morning's jocund strings
Which tricked the toe and heel of youth now drop
The dance, and horn to horn in challenge rings—
Even though the later shadowy hours may breathe
Into the tranquil hollow of a flute,
And evening gather up the notes and wreathe
A lonely neutral chord which night will mute.

Death is a final consonance and pause
Maybe, but if the music must go on,
Let bow and breath forget the former cause
Of every sound, for after love has gone
There is a need of silence vast and gateless,
Or unremembering songs, airs that are weightless.

JANET RAMSAY.

Daedalus Sings in the Dusk Before New York's Sky Line

All through the day I toil for little gods,
Build tunnels below legendary seas,
Or, smarting under their importunate rods
I strive to fashion monuments like these.

Cleansed of the laborer's stains I come at dusk
Wingless and humbled on the ground to lie,
A heap of charnel ash held in the husk
Of that old Dædalus who used to fly.

Something men have that half-gods never know,
The power to sensitize cold, lifeless things,
To make stone breathe and out of metal grow
Escarpments that deny the need of wings.

Oh, Icarus, could we two but have run
Along these walls and that way reached the sun!

VIRGINIA MCCORMICK.

"Beautiful, Proud Sea"

Careless forever, beautiful, proud sea,
You laugh in happy thunder all alone,
You fold upon yourself, you dance your dance
Impartially on drift-weed, sand or stone.

You make us believe that we can outlive death,
You make us for an instant, for your sake,
Burn, like stretched silver of a wave
Not breaking, but about to break.

SARA TEASDALE.

The World

Now the crass world is sick for lost delight,
Misnaming faith and making love unclean;
Unwilling to sow, it keeps the will to glean,
Asking for victory, it cannot fight,
But like an ass, braying that wrong is right,
Would cheat the lovely earth of her own green
And let the holy stars drop down between
Our decadent chaos and our doubtful night.

Star of the Morning, send a vivid saint
To give us back Thy light on earth and sky,
A fiery heart too valor-mad to faint
Before dull flags of evil flaunted high,
Or, failing that, embolden our constraint,
Summon Thy cowards again, and let us try!

MARGUERITE WILKINSON.

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Washington Notes

WHEN this session of Congress ends, which means in a few weeks now, the Democratic members of the Senate and House—but particularly the Senate, because it is from that body minority leadership is really expected—will have a sweet time counting up their lost opportunities. There will be, I think, considerable bitterness and bad feeling. To be frank about it, there is considerable now.

It is not possible to deny that without a single exception the party as a party and the leaders as leaders have muffed the ball every time it was thrown at them. They are credited at this session, to continue the baseball metaphor, with not a single out and with not a single assist. No such spectacle of complete party ineptitude has been seen in my recollection—which goes farther back than I sometimes care to think about. They just have not played ball.

With ammunition enough and guns enough to shoot large holes through the false front of the administration, with plenty of chances to rub the shine off the prestige of both Mr. Mellon and Mr. Coolidge, with ample opportunity to demonstrate the utter incapacity of the solemn Sargent and the egotistical Wilbur, with really unanswerable facts and figures to puncture the silly economy claims and brazen propaganda about reducing expenditures, they have either sat silent and supine or, accepting the Republican assertions as based on fact, have helped rivet them in the minds of the people by coöperation with Republican leaders not only in cloak rooms and committees, but on the Senate floor.

If Senator Robinson of Arkansas is a leader then I am a lion tamer. It has been pointed out before in various places and by various people that such leadership as there has been on the Democratic side—and that is not much—has come from Walsh of Montana and I am inclined to think these statements are justified. It ought, however, to be pointed out that the efforts of Walsh to lead have been just as futile as the efforts of Robinson not to lead, because Walsh has had neither solid nor wholly sincere support back of him in any of the two or three fights he has made this session.

There is a fairly general opinion that one of the troubles with Senator Robinson is that he is constantly thinking of himself in terms of the Presidency, that he has the idea that he can get back of him for the 1928 nomination practically everything that McAdoo had without having the fierce opposition that McAdoo met. I am told, too, that Senator Walsh is not without similar thoughts concerning himself. The gossip about the capitol is that the Montana Senator believes that whereas it is not possible to elect in this country a wet Catholic it is possible to elect a dry Catholic if he happens to be the right dry Catholic. He is said, moreover, to be convinced that the latest candidate having come from New York it is inevitable that the next Democratic candidate will come from the West; and if the call comes to him for the Presidential nomination—not the Vice-Presidential nomination, you understand—he will be ready to respond. An argument bearing out the foregoing alleged Walsh theory can of course be made, but it is a thin argument and I doubt whether the Senator would consider it sound if it were made for anyone else.

It constantly amazes me to see the number of Senators in whose systems the Presidential germ is actively circulating. Walsh and Robinson are by no means the only ones on the Democratic side. It would be easier to pick those who do not cherish White House ambitions than those who do. They are far fewer. Further, it is my conviction that these aspirations, absurd as some of them seem, have had no little to do this session with the aforesaid silence and supineness of the minority party in the face of opportunity. It is, I think, one of the real reasons the ball was so often muffed and with such astonishing regularity. They did not want to catch it. Men who harbor the idea of running for President, unless of real Presidential size, are very apt to fear antagonizing the "business interests" and the great newspapers. So solidly are these "business interests" and the great newspapers and periodicals behind Mr. Mellon and Mr. Coolidge that it has seemed to some of these men inexpedient to assail them and their particular and pet policies. Therefore it hasn't been done, though there are relatively few Democratic Senators who in their private and detached moments do not concede the tax bill, for instance, to be full of gross discrimination and unsound principles. Yet by their votes they have practically proclaimed it a perfect law.

To me it seems astounding that Democratic aspirants for the Presidency should think it possible to break the Republican ranks along these lines, should not see that they are playing the Republican game beautifully, should not realize that when the business interests and the big newspapers controlled by the business interests have two safe men between whom to choose they always and invariably choose the Republican. Still there is no accounting for the way the minds of men clouded with ambition work. They have not been helped, I think, toward straight thinking by the words of wisdom from time to time poured into Democratic Senatorial ears by certain New York Democratic millionaires who from time to time come down here to put the party on its feet and are listened to attentively because now and again they sprinkle a few thousands around in a few states to help the local campaigns. If these volunteer New York party advisers have ever brought with them on their frequent visits an idea of real worth or an issue that would hold water or a suggestion that was wholly sound, then I have not heard of it. The whole burden of their talk has been to keep the Democratic party unantagonistic to the "business interests." Their friendly advice to those they know to have Presidential aspirations is to establish for themselves a reputation as "safe" men. Their entire effort has been to make the Democratic party conservative and the thing which they have urged with particular and special earnestness has been to avoid even a semblance or appearance of an alliance or combination with the so-called Progressives. That, in their view, was the great mistake of the Democrats last session and they have strongly insisted it be not repeated.

Well, they have succeeded. Their advice was taken.

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They have kept the old Democratic party this session pussy-footing, trimming, trailing. They kept it away from the Progressives, a combination with whom constituted their real hope, and they have successfully attached it as a tail to the Mellon-Coolidge kite. The net result is a joke. They have not made the Democratic party "safe," but they have made it ridiculous. Really these New York advisers have been the best friends Mr. Coolidge has had. They have kept the Democratic party off his back. They have preserved his administration from attack. They put through his tax bill for him and freed him from Senatorial criticism save that which came from Republicans like Norris or from the shallow shoutings of Pat Harrison which ought not to count. They have been his friends. They are entitled to go down on the Mayflower or be invited to lunch at the White House along with Mr. Hearst and Brother Brisbane. My information is that one or two of them have been.

T. R. B.

Washington.

The Orphan Theatre

The Two Orphans, by A. D'Ennery and Eugene Cormon, translated by N. Hart Jackson. Cosmopolitan Theatre, April 5, 1926.

TAKING the production of The Two Orphans as a single event, for itself only, we could say first that it is a good old play full of human nature somewhat roundly defined and forcibly propounded, full of heavily underscored action and of suspense that is taut and raw. It progresses like a baseball game of the passions, a cross-word puzzle of virtue and vice, a five-act race of rights and wrongs, sentiments and impulses. It is period, obviously, in its use of soliloquies and in its formalities of utterance, but that is nothing against it. It is solid, safe theatre, not very profound, but full of strong certainties and blessed with a roaring sense of an audience, what an audience wants, swallows, shudders at and weeps over.

The performance given to this old piece by the company at the Cosmopolitan is always fair and always in good faith. The actors take their parts seriously and do their best. This they may well do, partly because the play is quite as good and better than most of the pieces that come to Broadway and indeed not much more stereotyped, though in a different mode and period; partly because every rôle is so strongly marked and highly colored as to exhibit the actor at concert pitch, which is the shortest way toward making him take a play seriously, and partly because the rôles are all good material for acting, are full of definite problems in the actor's art and ripe with moments for making points and showing off. For this production we are afforded an all-star cast, a glittering company of so-called stars, which in our theatre in general means that everyone on the stage has been heard of before for one reason or another, artistic or sociological, and is supposed to be high-priced. In the case of The Two Orphans it means that all the players are at least agreeable. There is no startling exhibition of power, but all the parts are sustained and pleasantly balanced one against the other. And with this ensemble of seasoned players goes some starry old settings, savory with Victorian staleness—whether they derive, together with the costumes, from some storage vault of the last generation or not I have no way of knowing, but they are happily right in tone and very like the story.

People who have not heard the story of The Two Orphans may have from their grandmothers or mothers or corner policeman, that tense story of the two orphan girls, sisters, but not sisters—as they keep telling us in order to get us ready for the end of the play where Louise turns out to be the Comtesse de Linières's daughter by a first marriage with a man beneath her station—who come to Paris from Normandy, whose coach is missed by the friend that should meet it. They are snatched away, or one of them is, by the agents of the Marquis, to be ruined and doubtless tossed aside. The other sister, alas, is blind, she is taken by the wicked old Frochard woman, starved, beaten, made to sing in the streets and beg. Henriette is saved from the Marquis's designs by the Chevalier Maurice de Vaudrey—played in the right tradition of good manners by Mr. Robert Lorraine. Her champion wishes to marry Henriette, but is opposed by the Minister of Police, his uncle, and thrown into the Bastille while Henriette is thrown also into prison. The search of the sisters for one another goes on. At critical moments—painfully and deliciously often!—when they are about to find each other the drama intervenes. At last Louise, however, is in her mother's arms, the wife of the Minister of Police, and the doctor can cure her blindness. Frochard and her baleful son are led to prison, her cripple son is rewarded, Henriette rests on the bosom of the Chevalier de Vaudrey, and, since everything is solved to the nth, the curtain descends.

The orphans are played by Miss Fay Bainter and Miss Mary Nash, both of whom bring a sweet, honest and poignant quality to their performances. Mr. Robert Warwick in the part of the Apache son of old Frochard and Miss May Robson as this old woman and fiend, give well trowelled impersonations, though a little more conviction as to the wicked reality of their parts would help. Miss Henrietta Crosman is rich and grand in her poise and sliding cadences and hints of Shakespearean tones. Mrs. Thomas Whiffen as Sister Genevieve, the matron of La Salpetrière—how dramatically the authors have created her as born in this prison, and never yet in all these years across its threshold!—gives a really pure and beautiful performance. Mr. Henry Dixey has some conception at least of the exaggeration needed for the part of the intriguing valet; Mr. José Ruben works honestly with his crippled Pierre, though he has no pathos to bring to the part; Mr. Wilton Lackaye gives to the Count de Linières, Minister of Police, all the sonority and virtue that the dramatists in the dignity of their period hearts meant it to have.

All that is taking The Two Orphans as an occasion in itself. We may better take it as another of that chain of revivals that has been going on all this season in the New York theatre. We have had Ibsen, Shaw, had East Lynne, Shakespeare, The Unchastened Woman, to mention only some of the instances of drama revived. Two reasons at least might be set down by way of comment

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on this state of things. It may be, first, because we wear out on clerks and stenographers and common life, are sick of people who are lower than the people many of the audience know and certainly simpler than most of them want to know, because we are sick of language that is as flat as the newspapers, of incidents that are left without significance or point of view, of acting that is scarcely acting at all, but a matter of common nobodies and their exhibitionisms. And it may be, also, because we are moving toward a repertory theatre again and less stardom, fewer long runs and less generality of popular appeal.

Neither of these causes in its effect on our theatre can do any harm. But there is yet another point to this subject of The Two Orphans. From the underscoring of the characters and motives and incidents a certain outlined pattern arises. In a way we are dealing not with individuals and with incidental events, but with ideas, with Virtue, Vice, Goodness, Pity, Cruelty, Drink, Justice, The City, Love, Power, Fortune and so on. Around individuals and the detailed occasion arises therefore a certain element of abstraction. The whole matter is set in a kind of ideality. Though the rôles are thinly painted and somewhat vacantly spread out to fill their patterns, we can enter into them and play them ourselves, we are not shut from them by some limited resemblance or journalistic individualization. They require acting that, good or bad, is acting, players whose emotions and necessary business may "speak out loud and bold." These plays like The Two Orphans turn not on what is daily and casual, but what is underlying and rooted in conceptions, deep or shallow, but conceptions. This is what models and defines them and makes them, even when they are so old-school as The Two Orphans is, capable of ideal sympathy and excitement instead of mere everyday or casual expressiveness. In an odd way The Two Orphans, however sweet, wheezy and voluble, brings to our theatre an instance of what it just now needs and is moving toward.

STARK YOUNG.

The Passing Glimpse

(To Ridgely Torrence)*

I often see flowers from a passing car
That are gone before I can tell what they are.

I want to get out of the train and go back
To see what they were beside the track.

I name all the kinds I am sure they weren't:
Not fireweed loving where woods have burnt—

Nor bluebells gracing a tunnel mouth—
Nor lupine living on sand and drouth.

Was something brushed across my mind
That no one on earth will ever find?

Heaven gives its glimpses only to those
Not in position to look too close.

ROBERT FROST.

* On last looking into his Hesperides.

Good Old Sex Appeal

AT the end of several years of familiarity with the movies and their ways I am inclined to think that their greatest contribution to contemporary thought has been the invention and popularization of the phrase "sex appeal." The person of average intelligence finds the words funny. Yet when I was invited to be one of the (presumably hundreds of) judges in the Shubert Sex Appeal Contest, in a letter which alarmingly began, "Dear Mr. Seldes, Have you got sex appeal?" I regretted that the cautious Shuberts had not offered to pay all expenses. I would certainly have gone three thousand miles for the privilege.

The movies have in this instance been extremely wise. They have vulgarized a fragment of modern psychology and brought into the open a common supressed desire. It is of no consequence that they have been cheap and tawdry about it; it is their business to be cheap and tawdry in certain ways. Nor is it important that the hero of sex appeal, Valentino himself, seems to most men (jealousy?) and to some women (good taste?) to be a sad egg. While the stage and fiction and the conversation of daily life have beaten about the bush with mealy-mouthed adjectives, calling people attractive or even seductive, and have tried vainly to confuse the issue with talk of "personality," the movies have gone directly to the Noun and even (in the way of all sinewy languages before they become academic) have jammed two substantives together to say exactly what they and everybody else mean: sex appeal. Magnificent creation, positive, unambiguous, the conjunction of sharp and sweet sounds—it is perfect. The movies have thrown the phrase into our language and it would be a commonplace of intellectual discourse if its provenance did not stamp it as irretrievably "vulgar." It has crossed the ocean; I have heard it discussed in Vienna and Paris, heard Europeans laugh with pleasure at its naïve brutality, and heard them confess that it could not be improved.

The remarkable advantage of the phrase is that it is precise, yet not actually frank. It sounds bold for a young girl to say she likes a man because he has sex appeal; but she can say it with impunity of her favorite movie hero without abandoning herself to its physical implications. The words can only mean that the possessor of sex appeal is imagined or desired as a lover. (I remember a famous impresario saying that Caruso's voice was essentially libertine, while the voices of his rivals were all monogamous.) The quasi-scientific sound of sex appeal delivers it a little from the danger of indelicacy; and on the other hand the use of the word sex in suggesting "the passion between the sexes" (which is Johnson's definition of love) is in itself a step ahead of the Victorian ambiguity of "just adoring" someone.

Sex appeal is, in fact, a veil, but it is a much thinner one than we usually wear. In a recent article on English fiction André Maurois, the author of Ariel, said very intelligently that for Anglo-Saxons a great many things can be said in the name of sex which were impermissible in the name of love. As a liberator of the spoken and written word Freud has done his bit nobly and passion disguised as science has a range which even romantic love dares not venture. Instead of the dangerous and difficult subject we heard about in the army, sex becomes the great Freudian

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invention of the century, more easily handled than Relativity and equally scientific—and the undergraduates of my own time who loosely "approved of sex" have had to learn a great deal about the object of their blessing. The movies do not attribute any definite knowledge of the Freudian system to their patrons and I doubt whether even the brilliant press agent who invented the phrase knew his authorities. What he knew was that he was taking a long chance and that if he failed he had ruined his man. With his two well chosen words he fought the whole armory of prejudice which had been turned against the movies for being sexy and his instinct was exactly right because sex appeal, being wholly unequivocal, is not sexy. You hear of it in connection with a melodrama or a romantic movie as easily as in connection with a movie of passion.

It is when you get down to cases that sex appeal prepares its greatest surprise; two surprises in fact. The Queen of the Movies, the first Queen, reigned before the days of sex appeal, but one can observe in her old pictures how little Mary Pickford made that appeal in any way. Compare with her the late Barbara La Marr who, as a screen star, prospered by sex appeal alone, and ponder how tenuous was her popularity. Theda Bara had it and lasted long, probably because she had other potentialities, and even those did not save her finally. Norma Talmadge was known to the old movie fans as an intellectual actress (laughter). And so on. The first revelation is that such popularity must be deserved—without reference to sex appeal. The second is that sex appeal is in the main a masculine commodity, is, perhaps, the masculine revenge (again the coincidence of the movies and the psychoanalysts is evident) on the too long preëminence of the female of the movie species. It would take a D. H. Lawrence to hymn this new triumph of the Male, or an Aleister Crowley to sing Rod La Rocque and Menjou and Valentino, Cortez and Colman and Nagel, as Vachel Lindsay in the old days sang Mary Pickford.

And considering that women are the chief patrons of the movies, as of all forms of culture in America, this is natural. They see women stars with pleasure, noting their clothes and their manners, studying not so much their appeal as their approach. But for the real thrill, the identification of self with a character on the screen, the essence of the screen's appeal, they wait for the hero or the villain —and identify himself with the one he loves, or with his victim. He-vamp, sophisticated sinner, or great lover—it does not matter, if he has sex appeal.

I recall a conversation with a director of plays, a great artist, a terrier working and worrying at the problems of the theatre. He had divided all players into two general divisions, those with high and those with low visibility. As we checked a list of names we found that high visibility, (that extra touch of presence, that capacity to startle the imagination) did not necessarily mean good acting, and that many good actors had low visibility, were like those people in whose company one always feels one's self duller than usual and with ebbing vitality. The Barrymore family is an example of high visibility; even John Drew at his worst had it. Eddie Cantor has high, and Joe Cook low visibility—proving that the quality is not an essential for success. Katharine Cornell varies from one to the other and is no less a good actress when she is in low. And all matinée idols (forgive the old-fashioned phrases, as this conversation took place six years ago) have visibility of the highest order.

And this extremely searching and useful observation on the theatre seems to me to coincide precisely with the new division made by the movies, between those who have high and (shall we say?) less high sex appeal. When the coefficient is large, you can count on success, at least temporarily; when it is low, you must add something else, something extremely attractive. For there are both men and women who, if they have sex appeal, choose not to project it in their more public appearances: Mary Garden and Charlie Chaplin, for example. Compare Garden and Farrar: the visibility is higher for Garden, the sex appeal notably higher for Farrar.

But if you go into that too far you miss one of the essential things in sex appeal as the movies have created it. They have proved true to their better selves and dipped below the intellectual surface, so that when you say sex appeal you utter words of magic, outside the field of intellectual speculation. They have provided us with a new standard, a new measure of judgment. It is not precisely a subtle one; but it has the merit of being honest.

GILBERT SELDES.

CORRESPONDENCE

Psychology and Stocks

SIR: A newspaper headline which appeared a few days ago fulfilled the prophecy of a short editorial in your issue of March 24: Tax Cut Boosts U. S. Business.

As you pointed out, no income tax payer can have made financial rearrangements since the passage of the latest tax reduction bill which could have increased his income for last year.

Though the statement is logically absurd, it is partly true. There are reasons for believing that the prospect of tax reduction did actually stimulate business during 1925. It was undoubtedly because of greater prosperity that tax collections for 1925 were greater than for 1924. You explain that this prosperity was due to "a variety of circumstances." One of the most potent circumstances in making for prosperity is the idea that it should exist, when that idea is in the minds of the right persons. Business leaders are subject to economic forces beyond their control, which can sometimes cause the conditions of prosperity or the reverse in spite of them; but generally speaking, prosperity will not occur if the men who control business policies are sure in their own minds that it won't.

If La Follette had been elected in 1924, there would have been no good reason for thinking that the government would embark on policies which of themselves would harm business conditions. His policies in Wisconsin stabilized the economic life of the state, and the woes which were prophesied turned out to be largely imaginary. Yet our business rulers were convinced that his election would be followed by economic disasters of the first water. I think most people will concede that if he had been elected, the prophecies of the business men would have been realized in a period of disgruntlement and suspended business operations. Their fears are enough to cause a depression, because they immediately translate the fears into timid policies with a unanimity which is remarkable.

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The reverse is equally true. The instant that tax reduction was proposed, they licked their chops in unison. When it became evident that Coolidge and Mellon would have their way, they all *knew* that unparalleled prosperity was at hand. And as other circumstances were propitious, 1925 turned out to be a year of big profits, resulting from aggressive business policies. It certainly cannot be doubted that the prospect of tax reductions had a great deal to do with the conditions during 1925.

The psychology of the business man does not always obey the reasonable laws of economics, but it is one of the most powerful of all factors in causing business booms and depressions.

Whitefishbay, Wis. JOHN P. FERRIS.

[This point of view is so common that we believe it deserves challenging. In a partial sense Mr. Ferris is no doubt right. If a great many people with money think the stock market is going up, or Florida real estate is a good buy, they will by their action cause it to rise. Such action brings temporary profits and higher tax yields. Speculation for a rise may likewise stimulate industry and business in general. But the direct effect of the boom state of mind is bound to be temporary and does not touch the fundamental trends, which will reassert themselves in due time with deflation corresponding to the previous inflation. The converse is true of the bear expectation. We cannot believe that the election of La Follette would have caused a prolonged depression. "Psychology," often thought the cause of business conditions good or bad, can merely influence the up and down swings which arise from other causes.

We are far from believing that basic economic tendencies are beyond human control. But there tendencies can be controlled only through understanding their causes, not by waving the magic wand of expectation.

Will Mr. Ferris ask himself why, with Coolidge and Mellon still in power, tax reduction an accomplished fact, and bull sentiment widespread (at least in the beginning of the movement) the stock market has just suffered an extraordinary drop? And why production and employment may fall off within the next year in spite of a favorable showing so far and a high degree of popular confidence? Something more than wish-fulfilment must be invoked as an explanation. —THE EDITORS.]

Governors as State Bosses

SIR: Cannot "governors as state bosses" be helped and forced to work so openly that neither voters nor lawmakers need be as impotent before "aggrandized executives" as the New Republic's editorial of March 17 forecast?

One safeguarding principle of representative government is now needed in all public service: *Administrative power, centralized or uncentralized, should be flanked by independent, centralized audit and publicity respecting executive waste and incompetence.* In terms of the reorganized state government of New York, which pointed the New Republic's moral, *the popularly-elected state comptroller should be empowered and required to "examine and report upon the application of public funds for waste and incompetence" as well as for dishonesty, inaccuracy and illegality.*

The difference between conventional auditing and examining plus publicity for waste and incompetence is illustrated by two recent disclosures by Governor Smith: New York could save money by shipping barge canals customers' freight free over railroads instead of running the canal; the state agricultural secondary school at Farmingdale, L. I., has been spending $8,700 per pupil graduated into agriculture. Yet every cent for these two services has been regularly and conventionally audited. Additions and multiplications were O. K. Bills followed right routes to payment. Dotted lines were signed on satisfactorily. Everything was done but learn and tell taxpayers and lawmakers the truth about alleged egregious waste.

"Anxious as governors may be to succeed," wrote Assemblyman Samuel F. Hofstadter recently to the majority and minority leaders of the New York legislature, "it is too much to expect that many of them will ever be anxious to tell the public where their appointees have wasted money or are incompetent. The elected comptroller, on the other hand, is not a spender but a challenger and a tester. If he acted as auditor of efficiency and economy, governors and their appointees would act much nearer their best than if no unbiased study of their work were imminent. Because it is easy to have vast waste and incompetence where every step is legal and every computation accurate, Congress, when passing the federal budget and accounting act, gave the United States comptroller general the duty to examine all uses of funds and to report at least once a year where greater efficiency and economy are possible."

Should not similar duties be given elective state and city comptrollers?

WILLIAM H. ALLEN,
Institute of Public Service.

New York, N. Y.

Political Prisoners

SIR: A renewed challenge to us who walk in freedom, and have the "opportunity to see children play," comes in letters recently received from a Centralia victim.

Some of our brothers are behind prison bars for daring to express opinions contrary to "respectable" precedent, while the rest of us are held prisoners by the "inertia of established institutions."

Conversations with a lawyer, a newspaper man and a criminologist as to what might be done for political prisoners, brought the same answer from each: "Arouse public opinion."

Perhaps the New Republic, always so generous to causes, can give some of its valuable space to printing the following letter from No. ———, in reply to my request that he write for publication.

> Dear friend: Your letter of the 6th received and I feel very grateful for your kindly interest, and am indeed sorry that I cannot comply with what you ask even though it is for the benefit of my comrades and me. I'm guilty of suggesting such to ———, and I'm sorry that I said as much. Appealing to the general public is just about as useless as talking to a stone wall. You know how it is for you are trying to teach them something yourself; so you can realize what a problem it is; then again one becomes awfully tired of appealing to deaf ears; that has been our mistake ever since incarceration. Some trust so blindly that when the realization does come that those whom we so blindly trusted were unworthy of trust it causes a bitterness that is difficult to erase. Had we from the first been in direct touch with the members of your organization and other organized bodies who can or will realize the danger to them in such travesty upon justice, well, things would doubtless have been different. No! We haven't lost courage; far from it. Thanks to you for your good intention.

New York, N. Y. MARGARET LORING THOMAS.

Books for Pioneer Youth

SIR: Here is another Ten Best Books problem—but the answers will be put to better use than helping to while away the hours on that proverbial desert island.

In our endeavor to establish a library for Pioneer Youth, an organization conducting clubs and summer camps for boys and girls from workers' families, a deplorable lack of good books was revealed. The folk lore, myth and fairy tales that pass as history and the available story material which is either nonsensical or glorifies the go-getter and military hero are not suitable for those curious-minded and alert children. They want truth—facts—and quantities of it! So, we have started the big task of building up a new literature—a literature that will stress the heroism of men and women whose victories were peacetime victories, whose personal sacrifices were made for the good of the race, and who fought war, poverty, intolerance and ignorance in all its manifestations.

Before starting to create a new literature, we want to cover carefully the ground already traveled. We would appreciate it if the readers of the New Republic would send us names of any books for juveniles that cover the following fields:

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Science and scientists; Social, civic and progressive movements and their leaders; Movements for religious freedom and their leaders; Pioneers in developing th Labor Movement; Pioneers in architecture, art, music, etc.; History of engineering and invention; Explorers and discoverers.

Responses to this appeal should be sent to Pioneer Youth of America, 3 West Sixteenth Street, New York, in care of the undersigned.

MARJORIE WORTHINGTON, Secretary,
Pioneer Youth Literature Committee.

New York, N. Y.

Workers' Education

SIR: The New Republic has rendered the Labor Movement a distinct service by the publication of Horace M. Kallen's book, Education, the Machine and the Worker. Of all the literature on workers' education so far published this is the most stimulating, the most thought provoking. It is a pioneer service to a movement still in its swaddling clothes—still asking itself the question, "what *is* workers' education?"

This is the question organized workers in Philadelphia have repeatedly asked themselves since the first study-group was organized in 1920, only to find our own answers to the problem assured by Doctor Kallen. Because the Philadelphia Labor College was distinctly not a part of the general ballyhoo about the newly founded "savior" of society, so aptly described in his book, the mass of materials Doctor Kallen used in its preparation led him to the conclusion that in *no* place was an attempt being made to give the workers education for their newer responsibilities as trade unionists and toward social control.

In fact, it is hard to give Philadelphia workers anything else than the kind of education Doctor Kallen advocates. "Workshop Economics" is here the most popular and usually chosen by unions. This at first was not a case of deliberate planning on anyone's part, but an unconscious striving by a few officers and members to fill the void existing in their own education which they felt handicapped them in their work as trade unionists. Since the idea was established, however, it has grown from one to four courses in Workshop Economics in that many textile unions, taught by the same instructor.

Doctor Kallen's criticism of the type and viewpoint of instructors the workers must rely on is also largely true. Teaching workers is a harder job than is usually supposed, requiring a technique pretty much its own. What's more, Workshop Economics especially requires research work in a particular industry, a job the average instructor is either unable or unwilling to undertake. . . .

Justification is to be found in experience for Doctor Kallen's hope that a new type of workers' teacher will eventually develop. Here we have a former union plasterer turned college professor, who came back to teach the workers whom he understands and who understand him. Having reached this stage in teaching Workshop Economics, the next logical step has been taken by this worker-teacher becoming the research director and economic adviser of the textile unions, with all that this implies, making his constant research work all the more valuable because it is gathered with the aid of the members themselves acting as local officers and shop committees. This idea has also spread to the building-trades where another and similar teacher, who is at times an electrical worker's helper, is specializing himself as well as his painter and electrical worker students in the economics of that much misunderstood industry, with good prospects of other building-trades unions going in for the same thing. While Workshop Economics is studied by unions, eight other courses on different subjects are being taught, but the first holds the centre of attention and is creating for itself an ever-widening circle of interest.

The idea of workers' education as herein explained appeals to the few active members, of course. But the interesting part of it is that, once a group gets under way discovering new facts and ideas, the members thereof become rather anxious to pass on this information to the rest of the rank and file, which is not any too anxious to learn anything. Here new methods must be applied and they are worked out by the study-group itself. . . .

The problem of most unions is still one of organization—their first stage of development. And we are still in the stage of employer individualism and guerilla warfare to prevent it. To achieve this end a new type of organizer must be developed from the rank and file, possessing great personal courage and mental capacity to absorb an objective attitude rather than a narrow trade point of view. That type of organizer or rank and file educator must be developed in Labor schools. . . .

Perhaps the truths contained in Doctor Kallen's book are largely responsible for so little reviewing of it in the labor press. Or is it because labor editors and educators do not read the New Republic and do not know of the book's existence? The writer is inclined to recommend both to his fellow-workers. A headache may result from first contact, but the after-effects will be very stimulating.

Had the writer the power he would place a copy of Education, the Machine and the Worker in the hands of every trade unionist and of all others who are interested in social progress, all of which is so directly tied up with the fortunes and progress of trade-unionism itself. Were that possible, the intervening period of growth until labor as a whole takes on workers' education as a necessary and vital part of its activities would not be as lengthy as is often imagined.

E. J. LEVER,
Secretary, Labor College of Philadelphia.

Philadelphia, Pa.

For a Useful Art

SIR: "There is too much ugliness in the world," an artist said the other day. "Too much bad design in the objects that make up the daily scene. The industrial age has more to answer for than complicated economic and social conditions. It has exalted ugliness as well, and that is an unforgivable sin."

It has apparently never occurred to this man, whose field is the fine arts, that mass production does not necessarily preclude beauty, and that art and industry need not be entire strangers. He represented one of three groups which are only beginning to realize that beauty is an essential quality, even in things of use. Before the spirit of American craftsmanship, which made the term "early American" connote an exalted standard of beauty, can return to our life today, manufacturers must be shown that a high art quality in their product makes for greater sales; artists must be made to feel that to design lovely objects of everyday use is a worthy use of their genius, and finally the countless purchasers must be educated to look for the object having both utility and beauty.

The Art Centre, 65 East Fifty-sixth Street, New York City, is an institution with a social significance, for it has as its chief interest the closer union between art and industry. Seven societies make up the Art Centre, each of which is connected with some form of industry. They are the American Institute of Graphic Arts, the Art Alliance of America, the Art Directors Club, the New York Society of Craftsmen, the Pictorial Photographers of America, the Society of Illustrators, and the Stowaways. By exhibitions and competitions and lectures these societies united under one roof aim to raise the standard of art in the product of industry. Exhibitions of every sort of object have been held at the Art Centre—of wall-paper and perfume bottles, textiles and toys, interior decoration and jewelry, advertising art and pottery, printing and silver, bookbinding and greeting cards, furniture and craftwork.

Recognizing that the art that goes into these everyday objects is the only art which comes into the lives of thousands of people, the Art Centre is actively attempting to raise the standard of this everyday art. It is not content with talking about the union of art and industry as an ideal; it really works to bring it to pass.

Readers of the New Republic who live in, or visit, New York, are most cordially invited to visit the exhibitions held at the Art Centre. They are constantly shifting to make room for the next group; they are as varied as the restless, inquiring New York spirit could ask, and they are open free of charge from ten to six exery day.

ALON BEMENT,
Director of the Art Centre.

New York, N. Y.

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The Authentic Washington

The Diaries of George Washington 1748-1799. Edited by John C. Fitzpatrick. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Four vols. 1825 pages. $25.

AT the very moment when a number of vigorous probers, some of them trained in the new school of Lytton Strachey, are prying into the private life of George Washington, a complete and beautiful edition of his Diaries is brought out under the auspices of The Mount Vernon Ladies' Association. Now everyone can read for himself (or herself) just what that great and good man wrote down from day to day in his note books. Now all the snoopers and sniffers can search for "inside information," and they will find several references to handsome ladies, notes on losses at card games, and occasional side remarks on wine and rum punch. Assiduity could doubtless amass a large paragraph on the General's personal tastes and diversions. Perhaps as an offset to the puerilities of the superlatively righteous the effort should be made.

As a matter of fact, however, about 90 percent of this bulky record is as juicy as a turnip, or to vary the phrase as lively as an almanac. The stirring events of the time either evoked few passions in the breast of Washington or discretion led him to pass them over lightly. The Stamp Act, the Boston Tea Party, and the Declaration of Independence do not seem to be mentioned at all. On the day that the Stamp Act Congress opened in New York, October 7, 1765, Washington entered in his diary: "Finish'd gettg. and securing my fodder at Doeg Run." If the clash of resounding arms at Lexington reached his ears, he made no sign in his memorandum book.

On June 15, 1775, the fateful day when he was made commander-in-chief of the revolutionary army, he wrote down two lines: "Dined at Burnes' in the Field. Spent the evening on a committee." Nor did the great and impetuous personalities that crowded into his life move Washington to set down anything in malice, joy, admiration, or solemn judgment. After he saw John Adams installed as President of the United States on March 4, 1797, he spoke of the weather: "Much such a day as yesterday in all respects. Mercury at 41." No liquid fire runs through these pages scorching the great and small of the age. On party politics, save the bare formalities, there is practically nothing. Business with the Creek Indians and a list of his slaves ("Milly, Billy, Hukey," and so forth) occupy a hundred times more space than Hamilton's report on the public credit—that forerunner of Mr. Mellon's epoch-making documents. Apart from a long note on the Whiskey rebellion and a suggestion that the opponents of his administration in the South were demagogues, the savage battle described in Jefferson's Anas receives little more than a passing notice. There are pages and pages on fox hunting, planting crops, the management of his property, the weather, dinner parties, new litters of pups, fruit trees, the appearance of apple blossoms, rides around his estates, levees, journeys to and fro, conversations on official matters, and visits to neighbors, but almost nothing about the "inside history" of the age or the deepest opinions of the author. There is in fact no system at all about these diaries. There are gaps of crowded and important years in which no entries were made and there are other gaps due to losses of manuscripts. There are days and months for which the record is nothing but a series of bare entries on the weather or minor incidents. Occasionally, there is a long excursus on some insignificant matter of official routine.

And yet scattered through the volumes are invaluable materials for the history of the time—its manners, customs and economy. The account of Washington's trip through New England in 1789 and through the Southern states two years later pours treasures at the feet of those who are interested in the industries, the roads, the taverns and the living conditions of the time.

Here and there on the pages of these entries there is a flash that spurts up in the night of the lost past illuminating places, people and habits. For example, in November, 1789, President Washington was on a journey through Connecticut. A blue Sunday came down upon him. "It being contrary to law and disagreeable to the People of this state to travel on the Sabbath day—and my horses, after passing through intolerable roads, wanting rest, I stayed at Perkins' tavern (which by the bye is not a good one) all day—and a meeting house being a few rods from the door, I attended the morning and evening service, and heard very lame discourses from a Mr. Pond." If, as Freeman once said, history is a commentary on documents, what would not be possible to the imagination of a penetrating reader? On a Sunday down in Virginia Washington noted: "Warm and fine. Set out for Frederick to see my Negroes that lay ill of the Small Pox. Took Church in on my way to Coleman's where I arrived about Sun setting." If the discourse was good it sent no impulse to his pen.

Anyone who spends a few weary days plowing through this arid sand will be rewarded, for here, after all, is the picture of the Washington revealed by authentic history. Here we see a man possessing tireless energy, immense physical strength, methodical patience, a keen sense for the sublime and beautiful in nature, a sobriety of judgment, a serene indifference to most of the quarrels and distempers that vex and crucify the commonalty, and a capacity for taking infinite pains. That was George Washington the soul of the American revolution—after it got started. Practical, resolute, and accustomed to the arts of management, he carried on the war through thick and thin to the end. When at last the great work was done he made this note on October 17, 1781: "About ten o'clock the Enemy beat a parley, and Lord Cornwallis proposed a cessation of hostilities."

Incidentally one of his entries offsets the cherry tree story. While he was traveling in the South he suffered from the dust stirred up by patriotic citizens who insisted on escorting him with honors into and out of towns. Once he got weary of it and when some gentlemen inquired what time he intended to set out the next day, Washington resorted to a stratagem. "I caused their inquiries respecting the time of my setting out, to be answered that, I should endeavor to do it before eight o'clock; but I did it a little after five, by which means I avoided the inconveniences above mentioned." Who can say that the General was not justified in employing this little ruse?

These volumes are edited by Mr. John C. Fitzpatrick. This is equivalent to saying that the work has been done with the nearest approach to perfection that can be expected in this vale of uncertainty. Mr. Fitzpatrick has long served in the Manuscript Division of the Congressional Library and is one of that great body of intelligent men and women who carry the burden of things in the District of Columbia and do the business of the United States government. American history owes him a debt that will never be paid, but if a good conscience is an abundant reward, Mr. Fitzpatrick ought to be a rich man.

CHARLES A. BEARD.

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Those Were the Days

Our Times: The United States, 1900-1925. Volume I: The Turn of the Century, 1900-1904, by Mark Sullivan. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 610 pages. $5.

TO this reader, who does not remember Manila Bay, or mutton-leg sleeves, or the first automobile, or the Message to Garcia, or Maud S., or the defeat of Stegomya Calopus, or the shooting of Bill Goebel, or the arrest of Carrie Nation; for whom William Jennings Bryan was always an old man and William B. McKinley a martyred memory; who never has read, nor intends to read, Graustark, Via Crucis or Janice Meredith, Mr. Sullivan's volume is fabulous, prehistoric, and therefore fascinating. The account of the first four years of this century is a voyage of discovery into an infinitely remote and curious day-before-yesterday, a day far stranger than days much longer ago.

Mr. Sullivan's method is that of the chronicler, rather than the historian. He writes about events which he himself witnessed as if he had not been alive at the time. Accordingly we are wisely spared a great deal of I Remember and He said to Me. This is almost the only element missing from a book out of which, as from a grab bag, the reader can extract political history, personality sketches, social criticism, analysis, editorial comment, anecdote, newspaper clippings, war correspondence, scientific notes, statistics, economics, household prices, fashions, popular songs, necrologies, limericks, advertisements, furnishings, knick-knacks and almanaciana. Indeed Mr. Sullivan combines all possible means of summoning up the recent past, and makes use, for the first time, of what might be called the Sears Roebuck catalogue method of writing history. It is a good method, and one we should like to see used more often. It dumps the contents of several years, like loot from a pawnbroker's shop, at the reader's feet, for him to sort out and play with according to his tastes.

Since my tastes run strongly in the direction of Sears Roebuck and diverting Americana generally, I am grateful to Mr. Sullivan with only a few reservations, but I can well imagine that many of Mr. Sullivan's contemporaries will quarrel with him violently, and that in some cases a large part of the fun of reading his book will be disagreeing with the insertion of this item, and howling at the omission of that one. For them every name, every mention of a play, a book, a headline character now forgotten will resurrect ancient prejudices and enthusiasms. I feel sure that Mr. Sullivan is guilty of economic fallacies, of sweeping generalizations, of misinterpreting the soft money movement, of political solemnity, of cold-storage wisdom, of a tendency to be more than fair. Why should I care? I wasn't in on any of it, and I am content at having been taken through a most curious museum of things that existed while I was still too young to bite. If Mr. Sullivan is occasionally pontifical and silly, if he thinks it necessary to say that "a completeness of portrayal would show that American life in the nineties was various," if he is frequently dull, I don't hold it up against him any more than I blame the museum guide for talking when I want only to look.

An aquarium or a dime museum can be fascinating without giving one the slightest desire to live in it, and so the early nineteen-hundreds can amuse one a great deal without arousing any regret that one was not part of them. They were absurd in such an ugly, self-satisfied, comfortable way, so miscellaneously a mongrel of the pioneer days which were dying and the harsh era of standardization, boom and efficiency which was beginning. Romance went hand in hand with large check trousers, and genial triviality with six-inch mustachios worthy of the Huns of Attila. Those were the days! Those were the days when General Joe Wheeler and three United States Senators did not object to signing testimonials asserting that "Peruna is the best I have ever tried," when hotels boasted of rooms at $1 a day and "horse sheds for country shoppers," when 40,000 Confederate soldiers, and six out of nineteen lieutenant-generals were still alive, when butter was 25 cents a pound, when one pair of silk stockings a year was sold for each 2,000 of the population (the ratio is one for six today), when golf was a sissy game that no he-man realtor (at the time a non-existent species) would have dared to play, when Segis Pietertje Prospect was the champion milk producer, when Ernest L. Thayer wrote Casey at the Bat, when no one had ever heard of the word radio, muckraker, permanent wave, birth control, cafeteria, ectoplasm, Nordic, automat, hijacker, mortician, propaganda, jazz or vamp, when Adolphus Busch declared that nothing was too good for the American people, and William Allen White said that "It is the Anglo-Saxon's manifest destiny to go forth as a world-conqueror. He will take possession of the islands of the sea . . . this is what fate holds for the chosen people."

One feels at times, so easily do the most engaging Americana answer to his call, that Mr. Sullivan has but scratched the surface. The data he compiles, the illuminating bits he digs up but does not always string together with analysis, suggest that an excellent starting point for a new kind of study of the American people would be the history of the material objects that have from time to time served them, adorned them, amused them, sometimes to be cast off, sometimes to live again in new shapes. Mr. Sullivan is aware of the possibilities open before such a method when he says that the Sears Roebuck catalogues for the last twenty-five years would in themselves constitute a social history. Consider, for instance, the change in hats. In 1900, a great proportion of the hats sold were derbies, in 1915 they disappeared from the list. In 1910 the piano, for the first time, went ahead of the "old cottage-type organ, with a mirror as well as drawers and shelves for holding small articles and bric-a-brac." But the piano did not march forward long. The pianola followed it very closely, and then the two together were overwhelmed, first by the phonograph, later by the radio. The radio and the parlor organ—they are as good symbols as could be found for the difference between 1900 and 1925; the ugly, good-natured indoor spaniel among musical instruments, and the brisk spitting little black box of dials and tubes telling the same bedtime story to the whole world.

Mr. Sullivan has done a good job. He has broken fertile ground. It remains for us to follow the trail. Twenty-five years from now, how will this age appear to those who are too young to taste its flavor? How can we save it for them, press its flower between a dictionary's leaves, pickle its fruit in visible glass, lock up a breath of its ridiculous excitement? If we start scrapbooks, diaries, collections, we may succeed in passing on what the crude sieve of print can catch, and miss something else, something untranslatably in the air, too shy and lively ever to be lured into matter of fact black and white.

ROBERT LITTELL.

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A Philosophical Critic

The Theory of Poetry, by Lascelles Abercrombie. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 338 pages. $2.75.

THIS volume bears a formidable title, but it is not the familiar system of æsthetics explicitly argued as an extension of metaphysics. Mr. Abercombie observes a proper limitation for his subject, which is poetry itself, the fact of existing poetry. Taking account of "the limits to the validity of intellectual criticism in art," in the historical opposition between abstract and concrete critical method, he is avowedly on the side of the latter. He is apparently not concerned with the dialectical significance of poetry as it may or may not contribute to the support of a logic of experience. Formal speculation, he would say explicitly, does not exhaust the total experience of art. As a Crocean, Mr. Abercrombie has preserved an integrity superior to that of most of the school and probably more satisfactory than that of the head of it: Signor Croce's direct application to certain nineteenth century writers was hardly commensurable in results with the expectations aroused by his elaborate preparation in theory.

> Clearly that [the subject-matter of poetry] is one thing, and the art of the poem quite another. And we should not have to examine very closely in order to realize that, if we want to write down exactly what the poem says, there is no way of doing so except by writing down the poem itself. . . . What the poem has to say is precisely the same as the way the poem says it.

This is Mr. Abercrombie's explicit criterion, and it is at least sufficient to establish him immediately as a serious theorist. Its direct corollary is the unavailability of the poetic experience for issuance in action, the moral futility of ideas derived from poetry and applied to the improvement or, for that matter, the corruption of men. His attention, in this aspect of the problem, to the *poetry* rather than to the doctrines of Shelley and Leopardi, cited for equality of art and opposition of philosophy, clears him of moralistic prepossession, in another historical antithesis —æsthetic versus practical interest.

Mr. Abercrombie avoids the ethical fallacy of criticism, but in his description of the nature of the "poetic world" he finds a discrepancy between the written utterance and the original intensity of vision that motivated it. The vision is "infinitely variable," but Mr. Abercrombie suspects that it is after all superior to the poem; he does not believe that its infinity conditions it to a negligible value. If it had value in itself, outside the written poem, the value could not be stated: there is no logic of disorder. But Mr. Abercrombie regrets that poetic technique must be "inexact." He might have got around this difficulty with the assertion that the completed poem is neither exact nor inexact, but what it is, and does not refer to any other order than its own. He is not, then, implicitly for concrete criticism; his investigation of poetry is conducted ultimately in the interest of a subjective philosophical order independent of poetry. The recent genealogy of this view, which in the first place presupposes a Universe and then a metaphysical value of the constructions we may put upon it, is Kant, Hegel, Croce. Its beginnings in England were in Coleridge; it achieved its first closed system there in the writings of Bernard Bosanquet, who got it from Hegel, about thirty-five years ago.

The conception of world literature is thus that of an approach to certain ideal conditions of thought: the great poet is he who envisages the greatest complexity and variety of experience with organization. This is a truism: it enables critics to say anything. Aristotle in substance said only that, but it permitted Schiller to identify "organization" with Causality. Mr. Abercrombie does not go that far, but one suspects that he goes too far in insisting that the central reality of poetry is the wholeness of the poem; for he asks us to experience an abstraction. It is in the interest of logic, but not of poetry, that he infers a whole from a sequence of parts. The preëminence of poetry as experience is unique, but to expect of it a metaphysical satisfaction is an effort to render it common.

Mr. Abercrombie has found a criterion that permits him to discuss with ease, order and perspective the great poetry of the European traditions. He has not evolved his criterion, however, from within; it is acquired; and it is too remote to reach all the implications of his subject. It has not yet become a method; that is to say, he fails to consider the fundamental importance of style which, as a critic discussing "the art of the poem," he was bound to do. He is concerned with the subordination of literature to an idea; he is a critic with an attitude, but he lacks sensibility and temperament. He is a serious theorist; but one should not expect him to be interested in the immediate, which are the only important problems of literature.

ALLEN TATE.

An Invented Young Lady

The Diary of a Young Lady of Fashion in the Year 1764-1765, by Cleone Knox. Edited by her Kinsman, Alexander Blacker Kerr. New York: D. H. Appleton and Company. 249 pages. $2.50.

THE adventures of Cleone Knox may count as a minor disgrace of the present publishing season. This is "the actual diary," say the publishers, of a young lady who "pictures inimitably the spacious eighteenth-century days." And we are further informed that "Lord Darling in the London Times described the book as priceless and instructive." Let us then take note of a few simple facts. The London publisher, having his own sense of values, began by putting out a small edition with a sufficiently plain hint that the diary was not to be taken as a document of 1764-65. Lord Darling, in a moment of that slumber which lies in wait for all elderly ornaments of the judicial bench, reviewed the thing as genuine—not in the Times, by the way, but in a weekly paper which, in defiance of a standing warning from the famous London daily, is not seldom mistaken for its Sunday edition. The English reviewers promptly set Lord Darling right, several of them—including J. C. Squire, Desmond MacCarthy and Sylvia Lynd—deeming it worth while to point out in detail that, judged by her many little slips, the diarist was rather too obviously a young minx, probably male, of the year 1925. But what did all this matter in an age of salesmanship and credulity? Cleone Knox enjoyed her little day. She was even annexed by the department stores, her inelegant phrases being turned to use in the advertisements of lingerie.

This incident is not funny: it is rather humiliating. The first few pages of the book should have been more than enough for any person ordinarily read in eighteenth-century letters. There was no need, one would have said, for an examination of the incidents and people and places which the author had taken care to work in, and that with a

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ludicrous regard for the convention of romantic completeness. True, a little more care would not have been amiss; but Cleone's sponsor knows his public. He does not mind allowing the young lady to give herself away by reading books before the year of publication, or by knowing the wrong things about clothes. When George the Third was king the very youngest person from Ulster would not have noticed the lowness of bodices. She would not have bought "corsets" in Paris. For her the mountains of Switzerland would not have been superb; they would have been horrid. Her father would have told her there was no need to worry about her scapegrace brother's duel in Paris with a nephew of William Pitt, if only for the excellent reason that the great commoner was badly out of things just then. But one need not go on. "It cannot be said," writes one ingenuous reviewer, "that the Diary of a Young Lady of Fashion has any of the importance that attaches to such a monumental record as was left behind by Pepys." Well, that is one way of putting it.

L. M. N.

The Quinn Collection

The John Quinn Collection of Paintings, Water Colors, Drawings and Sculpture. Huntington, L. I.: Pidgeon Hill Press. $2.

A SHORT introduction by Forbes Watson, editor of The Arts, and more than two hundred reproductions from the late John Quinn's notable collection of modern art are comprised in this beautifully made volume. To those who designed this book, invaluable to students, thanks for a rare service are due. Promptly at the death of Mr. Quinn, the executors prepared to disperse and sell the collection that was remarkable in that it brought together examples of nearly all the significant personalities and trends in modern occidental art. Mr. Quinn was not precisely a great collector. He had not the fortune nor insistence to command the best examples always; yet he achieved an exciting, inclusive, a memorable host of treasures, from France, Ireland, England, America and elsewhere. He owned the beautiful Raphael et la Fornarnarina by Jean Auguste Dominique Ingres. The Ingres properly belongs with a collection full of Matisse, Cézanne, Picasso, Pascin, Derain, Rousseau, Vlaminck, Diego Rivera, Arthur B. Davies, Walt Kuhn, Augustus John, Gwen John, John Marin. The names are too numerous to mention, but they are all there, a bewildering galaxy.

In response to a demand from the artists who had helped Mr. Quinn in selecting the pictures, and the sculptures by Brancusi, Epstein, Manolo and others, and to a public wish for some permanent record of the collection, the Pidgeon Hill Press seems to have rushed in, and with incredible speed and incredible care, considering the speed, made this book. France, Germany, even England have niches in their commercial publishing structure that turn out such volumes, most often devoted to the work of single artists and craftsmen. Until lately, America has been content occasionally to import such editions, editions which rarely treat of America's relation to the lively modern art movement. It is the illustrations which count, of course, for while general magazines now and again write studiously of the principles behind modern art, one must see photographs at least to be moved by the new designs. The two hundred reproductions have been well chosen, a large number of line drawings being included, and well grouped.

ERNESTINE EVANS.

Fiction Notes

Pig Iron, by Charles G. Norris. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.

MR. NORRIS'S novels remind us of concrete roads, accurately surveyed and exactly executed according to specifications to stand the wear and tear of heavy traffic. Pig Iron leads through a well populated province of American life, following the career of Sam Smith from his birth on the day of Lee's surrender, through the foothills of his early business struggles, among the mountains of financial success, which rise in ever higher ranges from the consolidations of the nineties to the unbelievable summits of profiteering in the World War. In spite of these dimensions, however, the scenery is not interesting and the landscape is arid. The characters are firmly established, and the stages of their progress from the simple bourgeois life of New York in the eighties, in which the church played an important part, to the garish decor of the present is accurately measured, but the milestones tend to make us conscious of the slowness of the pace. We feel like pedestrians on an automobile road, and become a little footsore before the end.

R. M. L.

Punishment, by Lawrence Highland. Boston: The Four Seas Company. $2.

A PROMISING first novel of creole life in the French parishes of Louisiana, written with a reality born of intimate knowledge and the power which comes from a vivid sense of human suffering. The early passages have about them the fragrance of an old-world, half-foreign beauty, which returns to haunt the mind absorbed in the desolating experience of the later story. It may be objected that the book lacks relief—its feeling is sheer pain, with no outlet in activity, unmitigated, unreasonable, unjustified, but inevitable. It may be replied that such is the nature of punishment according to law.

R. M. L.

Benoni, by Knut Hamsun. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

Rosa, by Knut Hamsun. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

OUT of the rocks and ice and sun of the Nordland, Hamsun has fashioned a village community; and by his own genius, he has made it live. It is a weird compote of buffoonery and pathos, with chunks of peasant stolidity and streaks of exotic spice. But it coheres. All the elements which in catalogue might seem irreconcilable are somehow welded into human and highly readable form.

Had anyone else written these two books, they would be subject to praise only, for their actuality, their warmth, their wealth of bizarre character and incident. But Benoni and its sequel suffer by what has gone before. Their scale is insignificant as compared to Growth of the Soil. Nor do they approximate the ecstasy of Pan. In fact, one almost resents their elaboration of material only hinted at in that neurotic idyll. Rosa especially, while gratifying to those who always ask what happened next, ties up threads which might better be left dangling.

Sirilund and its environs have now become fact—almost formula. The author can continue indefinitely to spin yarns about his group, just as the bedtime story may pro-

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long itself from night to night. And each instalment can crowd its given hour with delight. But from now on they must be classified as "more of the same." B. G.

The Elder Sister, by Frank Swinnerton. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.

THE ELDER SISTER takes its place with Nocturne as a masterpiece of Mr. Swinnerton's art. It is a larger book, larger in its scope and in its issues, done with the same precision and assured control. Against a background of sordid and trivial existence in the mean streets of London Mr. Swinnerton has set a pattern of human lives, with tragic consequence "when soul smote soul and left it ruinous." There are two sisters, and a man. The story is in two spheres which resolve upon each other silently and swiftly—the one of the conscious, of predatory passion and possession; the other of the unconscious, the inner love of the elder sister, which seeketh not its own, which suffereth all things and is kind, which thinketh no evil. Mr. Swinnerton has done more than reproduce the rhythm of life; he has made that life yield a character true and magnificently significant of the best we know of it. R. M. L.

The Dancer's Cat, by C. A. Nicholson. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.

IN Mrs. Nicholson's artfully plotted book, Euan, son of Lady Glenforsa, loves Lydie Manuiloff, the Russian dancer. Beautiful Lydie is young and orphaned, a bewitching neurotic creature pathetically revealed by the ruddy glare of British wholesomeness and normality. She adores Euan, crooning "radost moya"—joy of my life—and silkily caresses the cheek of her wooer. But Lydie also worshipfully loves her Siamese cat, Pasha, a sinister feline and as stubborn an aristocrat as Euan's mother, who futilely opposes his engagement to Lydie. When Euan dies, suddenly, horribly, Lady Glenforsa whispers murder. Disconsolate Lydie is cleared—for how could she have known that the fish she served to Euan was tainted? Her servant, a glowering old peasant and a cat-hater, meant to feed the poisoned salmon to Pasha.

This is the external structure of a book fascinating in its implication of a hidden enigma. That there is an occult kinship between Pasha and Lydie, whose slantingly lidded eyes shimmered greenly, may or may not be inferred, according to the reader's taste for psychogenic riddles. Like a nest of boxes, box within box in diminishing scale, this puzzling tale reduces to an adroit contrivance, fur-lined. J. R.

The Oldest God, by Stephen McKenna. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

IF Mr. McKenna's purpose in The Oldest God was to point a moral, he has not thereby adorned his tale. Nor, in fact, has he succeeded in pointing a moral. The story, told by the typically colorless third person, concerns itself with post-war England, Mrs. Reid's motley house-party, and the strange visitation upon her guests of the "Spirit of Nature," which causes them to cut many quirks and capers. By the time the story is brought to its inevitably unsatisfying conclusion, the characters have gone so far in their animal behavior that the situation can only be described as a mess. There Mr. McKenna deserts them. Like most English novels, The Oldest God is adequately written. Mr. McKenna has no style: he merely writes "good English." But a theme such as this demands either a powerfully realistic or a delicately fanciful treatment; as a straightforward narrative, its implications are too much for it. T. S. M.

The Chip and the Block, by E. M. Delafield. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.

THE CHIP AND THE BLOCK adds one to the long list of novels which since The Way of All Flesh have dealt realistically with the relations of parents and children, a field in which Miss Delafield is a specialist. The Ellerys in the present volume compose as rich a family group as the Morchards in The Optimist, though they lack the common medium of expression, a home. As usual these relations are keyed to a dominant theme. Miss Delafield's imagination is exceedingly fertile in creating incident to recall this theme with the recurring satisfaction of rhyme. Her mastery of this device is perfect, but the facility with which she uses it tends to become obvious. All rhyme is mechanical, and Miss Delafield begins to remind us of the fact. R. M. L.

Black Harvest, by I. A. R. Wylie. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.50.

KLAUS FELDE, half-breed, the fruit of an unknown African soldier's violation of a German prostitute, feels himself, spiritually and intellectually, one of his mother's people. By every instinct, he is a Negro. His burning desire is to lead his fellow Germans from their chaos of defeat. But he wants too much. "If only his brain stayed master. But there was his body, his black, angry body, and his breaking heart." The story sweeps on, through destruction, terror and murder, until Klaus Felde, scorned by those whom he would help, ends his pain and desire through the loving, uncomprehending hands of Katchen the Half-Wit, who was "all that life had given him." Fortunately, Miss Wylie has the gift of supreme irony. Otherwise, Black Harvest would fall into the absurdity of melodrama instead of maintaining its dignity as a thoughtful indictment of almost all that is modern civilization. C. E. Y.

Lodgers in London, by Adelaide Eden Phillpotts. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $2.

DID Miss Phillpotts, walking one day in Bloomsbury, pause before a lodging-house to speculate, in a mood of romantic whimsicality, on the lives tenanted there? A feat of imaginative carpentry strips off the façade, "painted yellow, with green railings and door," exposing to the copy-seeking eye of the young author these individuals: Mrs. Nodden, a kindly somnolent landlady, and her hard-hearted partner who dogs the run-over heels of defaulting lodgers; a neurotic minx of twelve, Nancy, enamored of a middle-aged artist whose incompetent brush reduces him to starvation and thievery; Carlota, the dancer, in love with Philip O'Brien, a Jesuit Scholastic, and Mr. Tibby, the retired confectioner, modeling clay replicas of the sugar Cupids with which he formerly adorned wedding cakes.

Throughout the book Miss Phillpotts remains in the street to watch the performance of these characters within the cheerless establishment. Human agonies are softened

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from a curbstone perspective, and under her indulgent observation all seems to end well for the creatures of her fancy, several of whom appear to the reader only as poignant caricatures of familiar story-book types. Lodgers in London offers such pleasure as may be found in a ballad's artless melody, simply harmonized and closing with a heartsome major cadence. J. R.

The Hounds of Spring, by Sylvia Thompson. Boston: Little Brown and Company. $2.

THE HOUNDS OF SPRING concerns a family—thoroughbreds the publishers assure us more than once on the jacket—of Austrian-English stock. Their experience extends from the pleasant security of pre-war days through the whirlpool of disaster to the fallacious peace of readjustment. The family is of the modern civilized type with free play for the younger generation, which we know from Miss May Sinclair, Miss Rose Macaulay and Mrs. Beatrice Kean Seymour. The experience has been rendered in Mr. Britling Sees It Through. The chief incident is one of the grotestque and tragic variants which the War brought to pass on the Enoch Arden theme. Details are occasionally reminiscent of earlier predecessors. George Meredith's introduction of Diana is revived in a parenthesis. "(It had been also George Tarrant who said to her, at the second sitting for her portrait. . . . 'Of course, your finish and texture are so good, Cynthia.' 'Exactly,' she had retorted, 'what I say to my favorite haberdasher!')" But it should be hastily added that Miss Thompson has proved worthy of her instruction. If her art is reminiscent her inspiration is her own, and it is not to be denied that the accomplished novel reader, who is coming to be as authoritative a personage as the old play-goer, will find in her first attempt a sincerity and charm which will make him eager for her next novel. R. M. L.

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